Twenty-Five Selected Stories

of O. O. McINTYRE

Helen J. Stomler

1930

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RAY LONG AND O. O. MCINTYRE

Twenty-Five Selected Stories *of* O. O. McIntyre

With an Introduction by

RAY LONG

Editor of Cosmopolitan

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INTRODUCTION BY

Ray Long

I HAVE known and liked Odd McIntyre for more than twenty-five years. And, therefore, I suppose I am prejudiced in favor of everything he writes. To me he says more in few words than any other writer I know. To me each of his few words is greatly worth while. If you do not know his writings, I think you will share that feeling when you finish this book; if you do know his writings, I am sure you share it and are eager to read the book. And, if you know him personally, I think you will share my wonder that he is able to do so many things so well.

Odd McIntyre's Own Story

I WAS born in Plattsburg, Missouri, 42 years ago and was reared in Gallipolis, Ohio, by my grandmother, after my mother passed on. School teachers today say that I was the dumbest pupil in their classes.

ODD McINTYRE'S OWN STORY

Since my earliest recollection I wanted to be a newspaper reporter and I cannot tell you why. My father was a country hotel keeper and all of my people, mostly, were farmers. Every one of my cousins owns a farm. My first job was "the" reporter on the Gallipolis Journal—a four-page daily. I would go up and down the Main Street, from Neal's flour-mill on the lower end to the depot in the upper end, gathering the homely chronicles of a country town.

My salary was $2 a week. I set type and helped turn the press. At nineteen I went to a business college in Cincinnati. The course required four months. I was there nine months and never finished it. I loafed around newspaper offices—but never had nerve enough to ask for a job. Nothing was so glamorous to me as a reporter.

After business college my father brought me back to Plattsburg to be a clerk in his hotel. I had no talent for such work and after two weeks he took me around the side of the hotel, gave me $20—and suggested that travel broadened the mind. I sent out nine telegrams to newspapers. The only reply was from the Dayton, Ohio, Herald to come on at $12 a week. I went but when I arrived the publisher had another man. He felt so sorry for me that he gave me an $8 job. In six weeks I, a flop-eared, gawky country boy, was city editor of

that paper and in another month was managing editor. I got $20 a week. Ray Long was then managing editor of the Cincinnati Post. He was scouting for new reporters. He dropped into the Herald, asked who was city editor, telegraph editor and managing editor—and found all jobs were held by a fellow named McIntyre. He sought me out and took me to Cincinnati at $25 a week. I became city editor and assistant managing editor of that paper.

I wanted to be an editor in those days. Long later went to the editorship of Hampton's Magazine and brought me on to New York as associate editor. The magazine was in the hands of the sheriff a few weeks later and Long and I were running into each other along Park Row hunting for a job. He landed the editorship of the Red Book, Green Book and Blue Book. I became a copy-reader on the Evening Mail. Eight months later I was fired for "incompetency" and then arrived about the leanest days any newspaperman ever knew.

I had an idea people back in towns like the one I came from would be interested in a New York daily review of the high lights and shadows. I had only a few hundred dollars. I lived in a small hotel in West 72nd Street. I conceived my column along the same general lines as it is today. My wife encouraged me and many times I would have given up the quixotic idea of self syndication save for her.

I wrote editors on hotel stationery and sent them blurry carbon copy samples. Few replied and then negatively. My money ran out and I owed all who would trust me.

At the end of the first year I had made $8 from the syndicated idea. Only one paper—one in Bridgeport, Connecticut, was using it. I had to find other work, so I became a press agent—first for a song publishing house, then for various stage stars and, finally, for a hotel for room and board. Nights I plugged away at the syndicate idea. A paper in Toledo and one in Buffalo had been added. Then I became press agent for Ziegfeld and several big corporations. I was making $300 and $400 a week. The syndicate article was making about $12 a week but slowly other papers were being added. Why I kept at it I cannot tell you—except for a silly and dogged faith that happened to turn out okay.

When I had fifty papers my wife encouraged me to give up the press agent work which I thoroughly disliked. I did and concentrated on the letter. I had a little money then to exploit it—although it was all done entirely by mail. My wife made the mimeograph copies and attended to the mailing. Today she has entire charge of my business affairs—she signs the contracts and attends to all business arrangements. And if you do not believe she is a good business woman ask any editor.

I ran the string of papers up to seventy and then sold myself down the river to a syndicate. Before this I had camped on their door for years, with my hat in my hand, always getting the go by. A lesson for others ambitious to syndicate—try out the idea and if you can put it over the syndicates will come to you.

My daily feature today appears in nearly 300 newspapers from coast to coast and in every city of importance in America. I am a monthly contributor to half a dozen magazines. I am a late sleeper and work in the afternoons in my bedroom in pajamas. I spend three months a year in Europe and usually another two months knocking around America.

I have never changed my original idea. I write from a country town angle of a city's glamour and the metropolis has never lost its thrill for me. Things the ordinary New Yorker accepts casually are my dish—the telescope man on the curb, the Bowery lodging houses and drifters, chorus girls, gunmen, chiffon ladies, Broadway near sports, speakeasies on side streets, fake jewelry auction sales, cafeterias, chop houses, antique shops, $5 hair bobbing parlors—in short all the things we didn't have in our town.

I receive on an average of 25,000 letters a year—they are all answered by me—not dictated. Small town folk are my kind of folk and I love them. Whatever success I have had I

owe to them—they understand my slant. I do not mean the people who are still in small towns altogether. My most enthusiastic audiences are small town people transplanted to cities. Much of my mail comes from them in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities.

Most of my contact with people is through letters. I have few intimates. I go to public events I think will interest me and that is all. I have not had a dozen dinners in private homes in that many years. I will not make speeches, talk over the radio or otherwise parade myself. I do not believe people are particularly interested in a writer. It is his work that counts.

I learned to write by writing. I do not believe there is any other way. I had no lofty ambitions—in the beginning I wrote jokes for farm journals, painters' weeklies and sundry trade publications. I am not writing for posterity nor do I believe anything I write will live for more than a week or so after publication. I have found satisfaction in entertaining people a little every day.

A Group of Our Serious Young Thinkers

BEING just the sap of the family tree, I am naturally quite awed by the intellectualist.

To one who has a predilection to laugh when Chaplin is whanged on the sit-spot, to cry when Al Jolson sings mammy songs, to eat Childs' butter cakes, read movie captions out loud and faithfully follow the comic strips, there is something gosh-awful in the contemplation of Freudian phenomena, Ibsen dramas and the Dadaistic drivel.

After a while one begins to feel the chilling blight stupidity imposes. Grecian-robed ladies with chaplets in their hair who leap after butterflies do not slow me up in my gum-chewing. Abstruse problems bewilder me. I do not even know where Mr. Einstein lives in the Bronx.

I can't burlesque Homer. I don't know any cute piano tricks. I don't call Heywood Broun "Hey." I see no good reason for poking fun at Eddie Guest, Doctor Frank Crane or other philosophers of cheer. And I can't get excited about Conrad or Herman Melville.

I'm not at all "arty." I read the "glad books" and really prefer them to the depressing Russian tomes with consumptive, sex-starved hero-

ines. And it has always struck me the Rotarians have a lot of fun and accomplish much good.

I am in a perpetual sweat for fear some person some day out of a clear sky will ask me what are my opinions of the Dred Scott decision.

In short, I'm a hopeless low-brow. If I had one more hair on my chest I am sure I would at the moment be swinging from limb to limb in a far off jungle.

There is in New York a band of intelligentsia known as "A Group of Our Serious Young Thinkers." It is their self-imposed task to think for the poor nit-wits who are known as the public.

They will think for it anywhere—on the premises or while you wait. Their snappiest thinking, however, is done in the studios when the lights are low and the incense is smoldering.

The camp-followers sit at their feet, chins cupped in hands, to listen as pearls of wisdom drop from fluted lips and cry, "Ha, ha, that's a good one. I'll take another cocktail." The thinkers never lack this sort of an audience, as long as the cocktails last.

The group represents adolescent genius in the loom of time. Having discarded swaddling clothes and climbed down from their high chairs, they are out to ride knowledge to a fall. They go in for things, if you know what I mean.

Gross people who do not succumb to their brilliant reasoning have "complexes." Those who don't like symbolical plays have adenoids. And those who don't get a kick out of the shoe-dauber style of art should die at sunrise on the gibbet.

At a certain hotel they have their round table to which they bring out-of-town words and phrases and where they gather to brighten the universe with neophytic wit. Their effort is to make the rest of the world feel hopelessly stupid while they raise intellectual Old Harry.

They "wise-crack" about the higher things—what Aristophanes remarked at the Acropolis, and then they titter and titter. It is told that one of them tried publicly to show his disdain for Will Rogers because of his persistent use of "ain't." And it is recorded that Rogers took a reef in his chewing gum and replied, "I notice a lot of guys who ain't sayin' ain't, ain't eatin'."

After Sinclair Lewis wrote "Babbitt," they thought up calling every man who wears white socks, owns a suburban home and has the community spirit, "a Babbitt." This appellation indicates that such a creature cannot refer to Miss Barrymore as Ethel or Arthur Hopkins as "Hop."

The serious thinkers are expert in the art of the snicker. They curl a mean sneering lip. While no one of them has rocked the universe

with intellectual bolts, should anyone else not belonging to the clan happen to write a first-class novel or play they gather together and snicker.

It well nigh killed the group when Owen Davis won the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the then current season. Davis started to fame writing "Edna the Pretty Typewriter" and other blood-curdling melodramas of the ten, twent' and thirt' variety.

For a long, long time they had been prodding Davis and holding up his alleged mediocrity to public scorn. Also, they hurled their javelins at a play called "Abie's Irish Rose," which had one of the longest runs on Broadway.

Neither are they able to laugh off Harold Bell Wright's penchant for continuing to write best sellers. Such accomplishments wound them deeply. It only goes to prove their contention that morons will yet rule the arts.

A few of the serious thinkers are newspaper columnists and dramatic critics, but the majority are scribbling pick-thanks attached to obscure journals.

They are weighted down with erudition and the roaringest josh in their lives is that so many profound bores outside of the charmed circle can really attempt to grapple with the "vital things" of life. As they would say, it is naïf. Oh, very!

"Log-rolling" is their métier for self-eleva-

tion. This is a term applied to reciprocal back-scratching. If one of the thinkers writes a play, a short story, a bit of verse or a novel, the others slide down the brass poles, gallop to their typewriters, wrinkle their brows and swell the mighty pæan of approval.

The columnists are continually snatching mixed metaphors from the burning and giving joyous yells when they find misplaced commas or infinitives hopelessly split in the writings of others.

Tainted with exotic villagism, the thinkers are convinced that flowing ties, need of a barber's attention and a musty attic are absolutely essential for genius to reach real fruition. Didn't Heine die gnawing a crust, they ask?

Show them the fellow who has built up a million dollar business in cloaks and suits and they will laugh themselves hoarse, but show them a senseless poem by Gertrude Stein and they will out-purr the freshly fed cats at the Bide-a-Wee Home.

These, then, are Manhattan's tea table cowboys—the wild sort that pursue their deviltry right down to the second raspberry sundae. Top-heavy and dizzy with learning, they don't give a hurrah for conventions.

If the pop-eyed poet wants to wear a soiled handkerchief in his cuff instead of a nice clean one, he does. For why indeed should he bother? Did he not once write an ode to a crushed

berry? And was it not printed in the House-Painter's Monthly?

And should the dramatic critic want to saunter down the aisle at a "first night" to shame the devotees of "what the Well Dressed Man is wearing" with a tousled cap and faded sweater, it is his right. His brother critic—the one with the tiny sable on his upper lip who knows something of Syriac, goody! goody!—will spout a proverb in Latin to prove it.

Between acts of a new play they clot at the curb and explain exactly how the play should be done. They know. Papa sent them to Harvard.

But of course, they argue, the "mob" wouldn't understand. All of their stuff is far over the heads of ordinary mortals. A well known producer once sent them debouching from the lobby by inquiring, "Why is it you boys who know so much of the theater have never written a play?" To this day they give him mean looks.

The intellectual syndicate, of course, isn't dangerous and so far has done no harm.

They are really nice boys and when they shuck off their hoity-toity ways and look through the right end of the telescope they are going to see that after all they have furnished a lot of amusement. Even if the world did fail to take them seriously.

That Was Happy New Year

NEW YEAR'S DAY in Gallipolis, Ohio, where I spent much of my boyhood, was no different I suppose from that of other towns but it holds a glamour that time does not erase.

Somehow I have a feeling I'd like to leave Manhattan's hectic New Year's night and go back to Gallipolis to watch the old year out and the new year in.

Gallipolis is a picturesque little town on the banks of the Ohio. It was settled by the French and suggests Versailles in miniature. It has a public square on the river front, a leading business street, and back of that four wide avenues lined with trees whose branches interlace.

There are cheerful, comfortable homes and at the north and south ends the town straggles off into peaceful, rolling farmlands. Gallipolis has never had one of those "Bigger Burg" movements. It does not grow. After you live in New York many years you begin to appreciate that.

It is a substantial town of solid citizenry who sprang from those who founded it. Save for a few shacks across the creek and beyond the railroad tracks there is no show of poverty. If

you go over the hill to the poor-house you find very few tenants.

We used to look forward in Gallipolis to a "white Christmas" for there was fine coasting on Academy Hill and skating on the creek. In a like manner we looked forward to a sunny New Year's Day for we all made the rounds of New Year's calls.

These calls were great treats for us youngsters even if we did, as Uncle Henry Bell used to say, have "to lard our hair and pin back our ears."

Aunt Annie Adams always had a platter of fresh baked cookies—spiced on top with nuts—in the parlor. Grandma Heisner gave us toothsome bits of freshly pulled taffy, and Dr. Fred Cromley gave those who dropped in a stick of red and white peppermint candy—streaked like a barber's pole.

Those were the days of saloons and through the swing doors we had peeps at the mysterious soap-frosted bar mirrors wishing all patrons the cheer of the season. There were pungent whiffs of other cheer—the now deceased twins, Tom and Jerry.

Christmas decorations were still hanging in home windows, but they would be brightened up with fresh ribbon and tissue paper bells.

There was not much business on Second Street the day before the New Year. Folks were getting ready for the morrow. It was a

day everybody dressed up. Even Harry Maxon would wear a necktie.

On ordinary days the only man in Gallipolis who wore a plug hat was General George House, of the Old Reliable Insurance Agency, but on New Year's Day Dunk Devac, the saddler and town historian, counted as many as ten.

There was generally something extra in the way of entertainment on New Year's Eve. We either had the Swiss Bell Ringers at the Methodist Church, or Ikey Kaufman, the manager of the opera house, would present some strong melodrama like "Human Hearts."

Afterward a few people would go to Mrs. Jenny's ice-cream parlor, but the majority went directly home. They lighted lamps and waited in the front parlor for Ab Atkinson to ring the Presbyterian Church bell heralding the New Year. A half hour later there wasn't a light in Gallipolis.

Gallipolis arose early for New Year's Day. Fleet White, the colored porter at the Park Central, held the early rising record for that day until he was crippled by rheumatism.

By seven o'clock all the town characters were at the post-office corner to greet you, for it was the custom when they said "Happy New Year" to give them a nickel or a dime. They didn't beg. It was just our town's way of showing a

slight appreciation of the harmless old fellows who constituted the odd job men of the town.

Among those we would find gathered there were Modock, the bootblack; Baz Cliff from the coal float; Jimmy Lucas, who in his cups called himself "the axle tree of the world"; Tip Stevens, who lost a leg flipping trains; Ed Oskey, who swept out the city jail; and Uncle Enoch, who mowed front yards.

Afterward they departed for the saloons on Court Street to celebrate. "Peeney" Fox would have a chuck-a-luck game going in Andy Archman's, and some of the roysterers from Bullskin and Yellowtown would drive in for a rip roaring time. Generally, however, the day was as quiet as a Sunday afternoon.

New Year's was celebrated at the churches. Each had a special program and at Sunday school the pupils were presented with oranges in net sacks. After church came the real big event—the family dinner.

The Gatewoods, the Mullineaux, the Vances, the Bovies, the Hallidays, the McMullins, the Cherringtons, the Aleshires, the Cadots, and the Henkings had as many as twenty guests at first and second tables.

As Editor Sibley would write in "The Tribune" next day: "every table in Gallipolis fairly groaned under the load of good things to eat." Such dinners! Turkey with stuffings and cranberry sauce, fried sweet and mashed pota-

toes, pickled peaches, scalloped oysters, apple butter, currant bread, hot biscuits, thick cream gravy, fruit cake, mince pie and cookies and home-made vanilla ice-cream!

Afterward the calls would begin. Children scrubbed clean, fathers in frock coats and mothers in rustling silks moved from one home to another.

In the late afternoon, if the weather permitted, those who were not enjoying late afternoon naps would go to the public square to hear a band concert or perhaps an address by Colonel John L. Vance.

It was a gathering that would seem incongruous in this jazz age: Pappy Pitrat, the old French scholar, with his heavy cane and cape; Miss Eliza Sanns, a delicate bit of lavender and old lace; Colonel Cruezet with his snow white shock of hair; Mr. Hutchinson, the hardware merchant, who wore stiff white shirts on week-days; C. D. Kerr, the druggist, whom Editor Sibley called the best dressed man in town.

Most of these people today are "sleeping, sleeping on the hill." It has been nearly twenty years now since I have seen Gallipolis. They tell me of a new high school building that occupies two blocks.

Back Street has been paved. A new bridge spans the little Chicamaugua. The Park Central has a mosaic floor. There are concrete

walks in the public square and Billy Schartz's cigar store is now "The Smoke Shop."

I want to go back again but I hope there have not been too many changes. I like to think of the tolling evening church bells, the cows being driven home from pasture, the shrill whistle of the Hocking Valley train at six-fifteen as she rounded the curve at Fox's dairy.

I hope the older men are still sitting out front on the big scales at Neal's Mill at twilight and that the motor age has not forever stilled that doleful "ting-tang-ting-gg!" floating out from the anvils of the blacksmith shops.

I hope to go over at noon and join the little crowd that used to gather around the iron pump in the lower end of the public square. And I cherish a hope that the rusty old tin cup is there on the same brass chain.

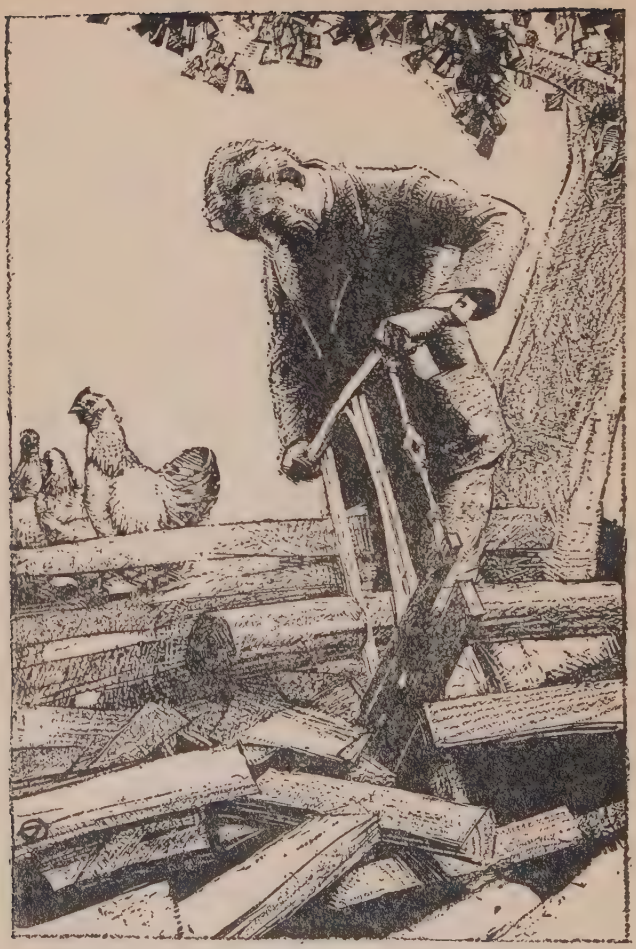
I hope "Banty" Merriman still has a place for me to loaf in the back room of his jewelry store and that Harry Maddy will join me in one of our old walks up through Maple Shade past the fair grounds.

I want to keep always my memories of those dead and gone days when my world was young —when Karl Hall and I dug a cave under the river bank; when Alfie Resener and I smoked our first corn silk cigaret; when Harry Maxon and I set fire to McCormack's haymow; when Ned Deletombe and I were taken to the Jus-

tice of Peace by Constable Jack Dufour for swimming naked in the creek.

I want to live over again a New Year's Day on which young men and women do not awaken with aching heads and burning thirsts. I want to hear the venerable pastor of our church pronounce his New Year blessing. I want to hear Aunt Nell Bovie play the pipe organ again with those sweet, sad, rising, swelling and tremulous notes. I want to see the old cherry tree where Grandma McIntyre took me to explain that my mother had left us to go to Heaven. I want to stroll over State Street to see the little ivy-clad porch where "the only girl" and I brushed lips in the first kiss.

And perhaps, most of all, I want to drop into Aunt Annie Adams's for a freshly baked cookie!



Many a farm boy might like to know why this humble chore provides Henry Ford with one of his favorite recreations.

The Simple Rich

As a country town boy my first impression of what I regarded as the successful New Yorker came when I beheld a traveling optician who came to our town every few years to fit Grandma's glasses. He added that magic flourish "New York" after his name on the Park Central register.

He was the motif of a sartorial drama—high silk hat, pince-nez, vest edged in white, black cutaway and striped trousers, a puff tie and gold knobbed cane.

Grandma was in the back yard plucking a chicken when I answered the bell. Our parlor was shuttered and dark except on rare and festive occasions—sister's beaux or the minister's call—but instinctively I threw it open to him.

Then, first brushing my hair slick, I called Grandma. Our hired girl—there were no maids in those days—Alice Bunch, peeping from her pots and pans in the kitchen recesses, accurately registered my own thrill with, "Lawzy, he sho' is purty!"

Most of us who sooner or later trek to Gotham from the crossroads have about the

same idea of the successful New Yorker. He lives, we fancy, in a world all his own with everything superlatively grandiose.

We picture him freighted with dignity, shrinking from contact with ordinary mortals, surrounded by frock-coated secretaries, bowling to secret entrances of his skyscraper offices in curtained limousines and lunching on Egyptian squab.

Then we arrive here, see the real thing and bang! into the grave of Youth goes another illusion.

No fallacy is so great as that which clings to New York success. We see the outer show or splurge, which is a mere gesture, and fail to see the significant anthology of life underneath.

The shooting box, the polo stables, the private golf course and swimming pool and terraced country estates blind most of us to almost every successful man's craving for simplicity.

There was a time in the period of adolescence when I suffered from the delusion that I despised the rich. I don't any more. Indeed I have arrived at that bromidic stage where they excite my pity.

Nothing so isolates a man from his fellows as success and wealth. I am speaking, of course, of successful men who are doers and not those who have resigned to thumb-twiddling in the club lounges.

The thing they most desire—human com-

panionship—is denied them. One of America's richest men said to a New York reporter, "I can count my real friends on the fingers of one hand."

From the blazing anonymity of the newspaper shops I have found among the majority of successful doers as much simplicity as may be found among the lowliest French peasants in hobnailed boots.

Every reporter knows that the easiest human being in the world to see and the easiest to interview is the successful man. The tough nut to crack is the man who by some unexpected twist of fortune finds himself suddenly elevated from mediocrity to opulence.

One of the best stories O'Malley of the Sun ever wrote concerned the nonchalance with which he entered the office of an industrial giant, smoked his cigars, sipped a pony of cognac and swapped a few stories, and the utter futility of trying to reach a pants-maker on West Twenty-ninth Street who had just been elevated to the vice presidency of his pantery.

As a reporter I sat one night in a very successful man's drawing-room. Logs were crackling merrily in the huge open fireplace casting their glint on treasures ransacked from every corner of the world.

He lived in one of those palaces where the butler lowered the drawbridge and lifted the portcullis to reach for the morning supply of

milk. My world was young, and on the eve of a vacation I told him with enthusiasm of a visit I was to make to my home town.

I wanted to see Old Lem the depot hackman. I wanted to skim the cream off Aunt Betty's big crocks of milk. I wanted to sit in my father's country hotel and watch the older men play seven up.

I wanted to see Butch Moreland, Jim Clay, Jay Price and Horace Riley. And I wanted to climb on the high stool at Cannon's short order restaurant and devour a Hamburger sandwich.

When, suddenly awed by my garrulities, I stopped talking I saw a suspicious mist in the rich man's eyes. "Young man," he said, "if you want genuine friendship, never achieve great wealth." It was a sudden gush from the well-springs of a lonely heart and it was a moment I shall never forget. Perhaps the most incongruous touch to it all was that this man handed me an imported perfecto wrapped in silver foil while he himself puffed at a corn cob pipe.

A group of us sat one night amid the clatter and bang of a white tiled eatery near Grand Central Station in New York. A tall, bronzed young man came in and ordered corn beef hash and a cup of coffee. He tipped the waiter fifteen cents and walked out. The patron was Vincent Astor, one of the richest young men in America.

"He often comes here," said the waiter.

Young Astor was in a thicket of the most magnificent hotel restaurants in the world.

In the kid glove district of upper Fifth Avenue is a mansion whose occupant is many times a millionaire. In the basement is a complete cobbler's outfit. Reporters descended upon him one evening regarding some first-page business deal. He was pegging away at an old pair of shoes. This was his method of recreation.

A box at the opera awaited him. He had his choice of a hundred good plays, a dozen luxurious clubs, a night tennis and squash court on his roof garden—yet he preferred the simple pleasure of shoe pegging in the bleak loneliness of his cellar.

Money does not strike the average man's love for simple pleasure but rather does it increase it. It is axiomatic that the successful New Yorker eventually turns to farming.

One of the richest motion picture magnates spends idle hours among his lettuce patches. The head of three mammoth stores spends his with a kennel of Airedales. Almost invariably you find the successful man has turned to some artless amusement such as these.

In the past five years more than a score of millionaires have left Manhattan for the ranch, the woods and village. They became chicken-, hog- and cattle-raisers and they only come to New York to attend directors' meetings.

This marked simplicity is not confined, how-

ever, to a single hobby. M. Theodore, *maître d'hôtel* of perhaps New York's most exclusive hostelry, has long catered to the epicurean tastes of the modern Croesus.

"We should go bankrupt, M'sieu," he says with a shrug of despair, "if we depended on the rich man's palate. At lunch a shredded wheat biscuit, a bowl of milk and crackers or perhaps an apple. It is for the middle class and the *nouveaux riches* our expensive dishes are fashioned."

Back of all success hides mankind's oldest truth. And this is the ephemeral joy of material things. The trappings of wealth and their value is best illustrated by a New York millionaire who, upon sailing for Europe, was asked by a reporter what moment of his life was the happiest. He said:

"One day when a turn in the market made it appear that I would be financially ruined by night."

The Prisoner I Trusted

As I write, his picture hangs over my desk inscribed with this bit of sentiment: "To the best pal a fellow ever had." It is the face of a fine looking youth. The forehead is high and the head well shaped. There is a mop of slightly waving black hair, a firm chin and a roguish twinkle about his clear dark eyes.

His first letter came to me several years ago from behind the gloomy walls of a Western prison. He had been a small-time vaudeville actor along Broadway and was doing a five-year bit.

It was the age-old story. Youth having its fling. Wine, forged checks—and perhaps a woman.

He wrote: "In the offing, ploughing through the sea of life, a strange bark, flying the flag of the Spoiler, I send you greetings. Each night a newspaper containing your articles is pushed into my cell," and so on.

It was one of the most remarkable letters I have ever received, well phrased, breathing high courage and the hope of better things. I replied asking if I might be permitted to send a few

books, cigarets or candy to lighten the desolate travail.

I quote from his reply: "Your bonhomie in offering cigarets is prevented by an institutional keynote which urges us to roll our own. Regarding a book, I'll compromise.

"There is a sick lady at St. Vincent's in New York. She has been ill three years. I don't know her. That's my loss, but I've read the way she is playing the game.

"So, if this will not offend you, instead of sending me a book, send her a rose."

That was the beginning of our friendship. Not once in the years of our regular weekly correspondence was there a single sigh for his plight. His letters were quite the cheeriest I ever received. In return I tried to make him feel the implicit confidence I had in him.

I wrote him of people in the world he knew —the stage. I told him of the everyday happenings of myself and those dear to me. He became in a fashion a member of my family. I made of him the sort of confidant one makes of a time-tested and loyal friend.

He was undismayed. I gathered he had been a dreamer and like another dreamer, Joseph, had been cast into the pit. But he was awakening! His letters were sermons on patience. Once I expressed my admiration for his fortitude. He post-carded his reply with a quotation from Henley:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul!

From time to time there were veiled intimations he had something he wished to tell me but could not muster courage. I never insisted. Then one day there came a letter that bared his soul to the raw. He felt that I of all people should know the truth.

This was not his first conviction. Twice before he had stumbled and fallen. There were two previous short sentences for forgery and he was now only twenty-three. Did I care to help him carry on? He needed the stimulus of friendship, but if it could not be given under the circumstances, he understood. Whatever my choice, our friendship would be a shining spot in his drab prison life.

"I feel better," he said. "I have held noth-

ing back. I have come clean. I didn't tell you before because I was ashamed."

I telegraphed a vigorous reply that I believed in him and we never mentioned the matter again. He had drifted into vaudeville via the chorus but his dream had always been to be a writer. He wanted to carve a name for himself in the realms of literature.

"Wouldn't it be splendid if I could turn a misspent life into something worth while?" he wrote. "O. Henry, you remember, began his literary career in a prison."

So he began to write. Patiently he pecked out his stories on a ramshackle typewriter he was permitted to keep in his cell. They were clumsy efforts at first, but here and there were flashes of rare promise.

For two years he wrote story after story that met only cold rejection slips. These he would send to me with cheerful messages. Not once did he seem to be disappointed. And at last came a short note:

"I sold my first story today. I'm the happiest guy in this castle."

He sold many stories after that and became a regular contributor to a big Eastern newspaper. He was the only man in the prison to be self-supporting and even the warden wrote how proud they all were of his achievements.

He purchased his own typewriter and with other of his earnings he gave his aged father a

Christmas holiday trip. I gathered about me a coterie of intimate friends who began to share my interest in this lad who had made his mistakes, was gamely paying the penalty and only asked for a fresh start. They too became his regular correspondents. And they believed in him as much as I did.

One day he wrote: "I am altogether undeserving of so many fine friendships. Today as I write I see out of my barred window 'a small patch of blue.' It symbolizes my hope of early freedom. I want to put all this life behind me. The pardon board is meeting next month. I have faint hopes."

My friends and I discussed the matter. Each wrote a letter to the pardon board. We told of our staunch faith in this young prisoner and of the brilliant future we saw ahead of him. The pardon board was coldly indifferent. The prisoner's record was bad. He had had two chances before and tripped up.

There was an intimation, however, that if certain restitution could be made—a matter involving a sum of $600—there might be a chance of his being freed several months ahead of the finish of his sentence.

I told him what I had learned and offered, with the aid of my friends and his, to make restitution. His reply was characteristic and misted our eyes.

"How fine," he wrote, "that you all believe

in me! It wrings the heart. But I cannot have it so, as much as I long for liberty. I must pay the price. I had my chances and muffed them. I want to wipe out my debt to society. Please do not think of this as mawkish sentimentality. I do not want to pose as quixotic.

"Let me wipe the slate clean so that when I leave this dismal pile of stone and steel I can grasp the hands of you and my friends and look you all straight in the eye. I want to face the world again with a high heart—head up."

And so he carried on—writing and selling more stories and improving a neglected education by taking an extension course from a Western university. It seemed to us that in all our experience we had never run across such fine mettle.

His letters became especially buoyant toward the last few months of his sentence. The editor of the Eastern newspaper to which he had regularly contributed had offered him a berth. Here under the prison pseudonym he had assumed he was to begin his life anew. He had developed a market for his fiction output and no man could leave prison with chances so bright.

Around his last Christmas in prison he sent us each a poem he had written. It was a pæan of praise for our friendship and a gallant promise to fulfil the faith we had shown in him. He

was to meet his father, broken but steadfastly loyal, at the prison gate.

The last few weeks of his sentence was a feverish period for all of us who had befriended him. We felt as though a relative might be coming home from a long journey. It was arranged to entertain him—a round of the theaters, a few home dinner parties and other events before he buckled down to his new career.

And then came the day of his release and this cryptic telegram:

"I've closed my engagement here. Thank God!" He was free. The testing time of his sincerity had come.

We next heard of him one month and a day later. He was back in a prison cell and headed again for the penitentiary from which he was so shortly released.

News of him came in the form of clippings from Los Angeles newspapers which were sent by the warden. He had scattered a $2,000 trail of forged checks from one end of Los Angeles to the other.

And yet our faith is not entirely gone.

We who held out the helping hand were ofttimes uplifted by our contact with this young prisoner. Even though he tripped at the final hurdle we feel he ran a good race. In his prison solitude he had touched the eternal verities—

that muscle and Mammon are not the princes of this world. He found a certain happiness where most of us would find despair. That he should fail us is disappointing, but it is not a death-knell for our credulity.

He only exaggerated the human frailty that touches us all. He still has another chance, just as most of us have, no matter how often we fail. We are still waiting and hoping he makes good. And somehow we believe he will.

Chic, Madame!

On the Delights of Paris Shopping

EXCEPT for cut-out monogrammed handkerchiefs, gaudy pajamas and walking sticks there is little in Paris to attract the male shopper. Paris shops bloom for the ladies. The man must go to London.

My pearl white hat is off to Parisian dressmakers. Their art of beguilement is supreme.

They are master psychologists of business.

Even the perfectly trained husband—the kind who matches thread and silk and does the evening dishes—is likely to do the high, low and middle pouting record at the mere thought of shopping with his wife for gowns.

Yet the Paris dressmaker makes him like it—and don't be sil! They give husbands a free show that would stir envy in the breasts of American musical revue producers. You pay ten dollars for a seat behind the post over here to see a beauty pageant that the Paris couturier does infinitely better without charge.

And the husband may loll in the cushioned depths of a luxuriously upholstered chair while attendants serve him—free also—selected Turkish cigarets, Scotch and soda, champagne

cocktails and other libations as the show goes on. Such fun! My, my!

The comedian's deathless cry: "So this is Paris! I wonder where the girls are?" is answered in the dressmaking salons. All the husband from Purdy's Gap, W. Va., needs is a dusky serf at his side waving a long-handled peacock fan to feel he has been suddenly made the hero of a musical comedy and as suddenly transported to one of those chimerical isles of Bong Bong.

Of course when he leaves and inspects the remains of what was once a perfectly good traveler's check book he may feel like a bludgeoned hero in a melodrama—but it is almost worth it.

The dressmaking establishments of Paris present an exterior that resembles a murky side street warehouse. There are no elaborate gold-leaf signs or unctuous and caparisoned myrmidons fluttering about the door. The salons are mostly old family residences, scarred and bleak.

Inside on the first floor you still have the feeling of having entered a gloomy house of sorrow where someone will pop out and inquire if you have come for a last look at the remains.

Then you mount the grand stairway, unless you are one of those intrepid souls who risks the intricacies of the self-operating two-passenger elevators.

On the next floor the scene changes. You are greeted by beautiful and handsomely gowned young women who give the impression they are plumb tickled pink.

Of course, wives are welcome but the husband is cock of the walk. All the magnificent gestures and "Oo-la-la-ing" are for him. They know they can "get" the wife. But it is "getting" the husband that really counts.

"Will M'sieu' do us the honor of removing his coat?" asks an exquisite creature—shamelessly overlooked by Ziegfeld—taking his hat and walking stick. Still another beauty with queenly grace pilots him over smoothly polished floors to a chair. It is not a mere chair—it is more than that. It is the kind that must have been snatched from some throne just as the monarch decided it would be safer and more restful in Brazil.

Cigars. Cigarets. A tea wagon is rolled up, with imposing bottles wearing such familiar names as Haig and Haig, Black and White, the Triple Starred Hennesseys. (How tickled the boys might have been with that free puff—once upon a time!)

"How does M'sieu' stand the rigors of the Paris climate? Is the name Schwab? You millionaires are always traveling incognito. Lucette, bring M'sieu' a footstool."

And back in his home town they said this husband would never amount to anything!

They simply do not know their Paris. After all this—bring on the justly famed deluge.

A hush. The parade of mannikins is about to start. And it is all just for you. An announcer stands at the great doorway. Down the steps comes a frail vision of beauty. She is in snow white from her white kid shoes to her white bobbed wig.

The announcer cries: *"Sæur Angélique"*—the name of the gown—not the wearer. And the mannikin comes toward you with a measured tread—slow like Dolores to soft music. Somehow you think of the mighty snake charming the bird.

And she stands before you, gives a flirt of her head and looks steadily into your eyes, until you become a little abashed and you feel red surging up from under your collar and look out the window. Across the street your gaze falls on a sign which booms significantly: "Divorces Guaranteed in Two Months."

Where were we? Don't tell us. O, yes we know—it is the saleswoman saying *"Très joli"* and still another murmuring *"Chic, Madame!"* And the beauteous mannikin turns slowly and walks away a few steps. Then she circles about and pirouettes until you nudge your wife and whisper: "Take three of those. One for you, one for Sister Katie and one for Aunt Het."

After all they have been so kind, you have to show some slight appreciation. Then you are

properly shushed and learn the parade is just starting. Before the *Sæur Angélique* departs, the announcer cries *"Bienvenue"* and you wonder why you wasted so much time on *Sæur Angélique.*

Not one, two, three—but a hundred mannikins fairly float before you: black eyed, dreaming girls from Russia; Parisian stunners; slinky creatures with hair coiffed sleekly back. Some of the girls' faces are chalked alabaster white; some, russet brown and some even apple green.

Beauty after beauty appears and melts away, but not before each one hesitates at your feet to bestow a sort of royal salaam.

"Notice the one with a run in her stocking?" you inquire of your wife.

"We came to look at gowns!"—with a click. Silence. The parade moves majestically on.

Girls in tailor-made suits. Girls in sport dresses, sport suits and sport capes. Girls in jaunty blouses and sweaters. Girls in afternoon coats, afternoon dresses. Girls in tea gowns, wedding and dinner gowns. Girls swathed in furs. Girls. Girls. Girls.

And above it all the monotonous drone of the announcer. Her voice has grown to a whisper as she continues to name the many mannikins: *"Audacieuse, Voyageuse, Fanchon, Mam-zelle Nitouche, Chonchette, Pour le Bois, Amoureuse, Les Turquoises, Nadine, Frivolité, Nuit de Chine . . ."*

A sudden flurry in a doorway. You sense a big moment. It has come. A thin, whippy man with twisted mustache and waspish waist is doubling up like a jack-knife before you.

It is none other than he—*Monsieur le Propriétaire*. You know him by his cuff links of baby blue ribbon bows. Has M'sieu' enjoyed his poor offerings? Will M'sieu' join him in an apéritif? *Certainement*. After all Paris is Paris.

This is not the rushing, pell-mell shopping you know in the States. It is leisurely shopping de luxe. Of course, you don't have to buy. And there will be no polite sneering behind your back if you depart without a purchase.

But the point is you do buy. O, yes, you do. The Parisian dressmaker takes his creations away from the "over the counter" atmosphere and gives them a background of splendor and magnificence that cannot fail to loosen up the most penurious of tight-wads.

He knows that once the American husband enters his portals—the rest is easy. He just brings on the girls. And the husband fills in the traveler's checks.

And as you leave, you are perhaps met at the door by some of the girls in hiding. Swizz-swizz-swizz! You are gently sprayed with perfume. It is almost natural for you to shake hands and say: "A perfectly lovely afternoon. You must come to see us sometime!"

Great people—the French.

New York's Silk Hats

Don't Be Dazzled by Them—the Wearers Probably Came from Your Own Home Town

MOST of us country boys land in New York with our mountainous-toed shoes and snap bow ties to discover our hair imitating a comedian's fright wig. Manhattan's sartorial fanfaronade scares us stiff.

Back yonder the figures we see strutting Fifth Avenue and Broadway strutted only through the pages of fiction. We never for a moment believed them real.

Clothes have a way somehow of keeping you at a distance—when worn by the other fellow. I shall never forget my first week in New York when I sat opposite a monocled English actor in a restaurant.

During the meal he let the monocle slip from his eye and it struck a vest button with a ting. I looked up and there was an unmonocled owlish eye staring at me. I paid the check and went away from there, upsetting a chair en route.

After a while the sartorial glamour wears off and we learn there is little difference between the concertina opera hat of the Metropolitan's horseshoe circle and the square-topped black

derby that old Doctor Barneby awed us with back home.

The New Yorker with the jaunty suit of dittoes and a carnation is blood-brother to the town duke of Tusslebug, Texas, with a seersucker suit and a celluloid button "Hello Kid!" on his lapel.

S. Jay Kaufman is one of New York's boulevardiers. He wears a morning suit, an afternoon suit, and has the tweedy, worldly look of the habitual ocean voyageur. He dresses for dinner and perhaps again in full evening clothes for the theater. Now and then he claps a monocle to his eye. Mr. Kaufman was born and reared in Ridgeway, Elk County, Pennsylvania, and holds the Elk County horseshoe pitching record for 1908.

The rather pompous looking gentleman you see now and then window shopping along Fifth Avenue might have walked out of the pages of one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novels. He carries lemon-colored gloves in the hand that holds a walking-stick. A gold chain encircles a wrist to keep the wrist watch in place, and the spats are snow-white. Back in Paducah, Kentucky, his home town, as well as in every part of the world, he is known by his name, which happens to be Irvin S. Cobb.

Seasoned travelers will tell you of the immaculate and dapper dandy they stumble across in all far flung corners of the globe. He is

equally at home at the Astor House in Shanghai, promenading the Alameda in Mexico City, dining al fresco in Constantinople, walking along the Strand in London or the rue de la Paix in Paris, and idling in front of the Lambs', New York.

He is Tommy Millard, the globe-trotting journalist, who was born on a farm in Phelps County, Missouri, and never saw a railroad train until he was seventeen years old.

Karl K. Kitchen is one of the best-known of New York's men-about-town. You may see him one moment telling A. L. Erlanger the "latest one," the next chatting with Otto Kahn, lunching with John Barrymore, having tea with Jeanne Eagels, enjoying the Avenue's five o'clock promenade with De Segurola or playing bridge at a club with one of the Vanderbilt boys.

Mr. Kitchen just a few years back covered the court-house run for a Cleveland newspaper.

To the newcomer this heavy air of sophistication builds a mighty barrier. The gold-braided myrmidons and page boys with tambourine caps cocked to one side that flutter about hotel lobbies take the wind out of the sails of those of us who were used to dropping into the town hotel and pulling up a chair to the base-burner stove—with the box of sawdust in close range.

It is difficult not to feel conspicuous when

you are suddenly conscious that a woman across from you in Peacock Alley is gazing at you through a lorgnette. This happened to me once and I swore if I ever got the striped collar I was wearing off my neck I'd go in for nothing but plain white from then on. A friend came up. He recognized the lady and introduced us.

Result: We found we used to make mud pies together along a creek bank in Ohio.

New York is like that.

Its ponderosity is wafted more often than not from Main Street. And the debonair city slicker is not a New Yorker but a one-gallus boy who used to hop a mean clod.

In fact, I know of only one man who was born in New York and has lived there all his life. You find as a rule that the born New Yorker lights out for the great open spaces early.

This born New Yorker is a venerable and tittuppy cashier in an all-night lunch. He has a little whinnying laugh and rubs his hands when he talks. He is the sort of person you instantly pity. He has the personality of the mold in a pat of butter.

I do not believe it is explainable why New York seems so bluff and cold to the stranger. Yet it does. We are dazzled by the broad *a* and silk hat, and yet with rare exceptions every one of these folk patronized the old swimmin'

hole. And quite a number lived across the railroad tracks.

New York has a way of conjuring tricks to frighten us. Who among us has not been squelched by them? We have turned away from prominent office doors with reverential awe for the familiar "in conference." This may mean the boss is not in, doesn't want to see you or is playing pinochle. And before long we find ourselves doing the same thing.

I know a man who lives in the smallest bathless room of a smart New York hotel, and when he answers the telephone he simulates the piping voice of a Japanese valet.

"Thees is Oko, the Japanese valet, spiking!" And then the voice pretends to call the master.

We have to live here a few years before we puncture this flubdubbery. As Rube Goldberg would say, "It doesn't mean anything!"

One of the plainest fellows I know is William Clifford Hogg. Instinctively you call him Bill.

He owns one of the finest de luxe apartments on exclusive Park Avenue. He has a home in Houston, a large plantation home near-by, a ranch larger than Manhattan Island in Mexico and a villa in France.

He was born at Quitman, one of the whistle stops in Wood County, Texas.

This custom of New Yorkers of having several different homes and flitting restlessly from one to the other invariably excites the bucolic

wonder. We from the flag stations are amazed by the perpetual hegira.

Spring finds them migrating to Newport and Long Island. And one must be in Paris in May. Their only stay in New York is a few weeks of the opera in the fall, and then they flee from the rigors of the New York winters to Florida and the Riviera.

I think Bill Hogg's case is typical of the urge that engulfs every man who casts his lot in the metropolis and becomes successful. He finds the fruits of success very dry and he wants to get away, impelled by the yearning of every human heart for home and comfort. And New York has grown to be such a city of gigantic overcrowding that comfort is difficult, and I do not believe that any of us who come here ever really feel that it is home.

There is no gainsaying that it is the Aladdin of cities, but we enjoy worshiping it from afar. The very bigness of it should frighten us and it usually does.

Yet it is pleasant to know that the people who made it, the people who awe us with the austerity and swank, the people who give it its richness and color, are the people who came here and were frightened by it—even as you and I.

And we who live here should be, and I think are, conscious that New York by no manner of means belongs to us. It belongs to the world.

Small-Time—Big-Time—They're All Big-Hearted

IN THE strutting, flashy world of vaudeville it would be natural to expect conceit, worldliness and a studied nonchalance. The life is pitched amid spangles, gold-spun backdrops, jazz tum-tum and freshly minted wise cracks. As the pine springs to the sun, so does the vaudeville actor gravitate naturally to the "spot." He comes on to the roll of drums and departs to a salvo of applause.

He has that gay insouciance of the hopelessly blasé. He is the eternal wow!

Yet off stage the most human, kindly and unworldly people I know are the people of vaudeville. They are as shy and reserved as simple mountaineers.

I do not refer to the legitimate stars who take an occasional dip into variety but to the lesser lights who make up the larger part of a vaudeville entertainment. More specifically I mean song and dance teams, monologists, sketch players, knock-about comedians and those known in vaudeville vernacular as dumb acts —jugglers, acrobats, wire walkers, horizontal bar and flying ring gymnasts.

Away from the calcium, they live in a world

all their own. Their egotism among themselves is sublime, but rarely do they impart this to the outsider.

Yoakum—top-mounter of Soakum and Yoakum—who closes the show with a triple head-spin, may tell his fellows at the N. V. A. that he made his audience "tear up their chairs in Altoona," but among strangers he is just a dumb act. And he looks it, too.

The vaudevillian realizes he is not regarded as seriously by the public as his legitimate brother so he merely tries to shine in his own back stage orbit.

The apotheosis of his dreams is a week at the Palace in New York so he may slip a card in Variety, the theatrical weekly, "I knocked 'em cold at the Palace!" for his professional brethren to behold.

One week at the Palace and he is quite willing to endure a year of monotony in "the sticks."

Countless tales have been told of the sentimentality of vaudeville actors and few are overdrawn. They are super-sentimentalists.

When a bolt of lightning left Bert Savoy's charred body on the sands of Long Beach his partner, Jay Brennan, was desolate. They were a rowdy pair of harlequins whose forte was jovial commonness.

Brennan, the foil, and now jobless, had $320 in the bank. The future seemed slight, yet

that $320 went for flowers to place on his partner's bier.

The scene is at Proctor's Fifth Avenue. A high-kicking dancing team going at high speed. A crack like the sudden report of a pistol and an airy creature in chiffon fluttered toward the wings with a grotesque dragging leg, then fainted. Such accidents mar the acts to follow.

"Carry me out!" she said to her partner, and holding her aloft he floated before the footlights, where she smiled, waved airily and fainted again.

Cissie Loftus not so long ago came back to vaudeville. Cissie, once the toast of New York and London and only recently reclaimed from drugs—weak, wan and nervous—but still a head-liner.

She faltered in the wings at her entrance cue, then stiffened and walked on as though in a dream. A red-nosed comedian with chalked face and baggy pantaloons watched in the offing, suddenly dropped to his knees in supplication and said: "God, make me a 'flop' for the rest of my life but give her strength just for tonight!"

That prayer was salvaged out of the turbulent emotions through which the actress was passing. She heard it, gave vent to a sudden little shoot of tears and carried on to the burst of applause that followed.

Vaudeville has many "wonder kiddies"—

future Duses and Bernhardts—who appear so precocious and self-assured to those out front. They were nursed in the wings and do not know how to play.

One was suddenly orphaned in the influenza epidemic of a few years ago. The child was stranded in a small city in Ohio. The performers on the bill took up a collection to bury the parents and each volunteered a weekly amount to educate the little girl.

That was six years ago and not one has failed to keep up payment despite lack of engagements and other vicissitudes that beset the small-time player.

"Just think, the kid will learn how to play!" wrote one contributor who had pawned his watch to send his mite.

One does not find the petty bickering and jealousies in vaudeville so often found in the legitimate field, where skyrocket rushes of temperament often halt the run of a successful play.

Before Chic Sale became a head-liner, he was appearing in a city in the Middle West. On a certain day a group of his relatives were to see him on the stage for the first time. His fellow players went to the manager and asked that his name be put in electric lights and that he be given head-line position. It was done over Sale's protest.

The newcomer is always assured of a hearty

welcome in variety. He is supplied with a claque. It is not the iron-handed gentry often employed to sit out front. It is composed of performers who stand in the wings and start an applause that often races like wild fire over the house.

Vaudeville families are linked by close-knit ties. Their women are domestic and home-loving. Many have their little home and garden in suburban New York towns—close to the heart-beat of Broadway. Others cheerfully "live in trunks" for years in the hope of finding a cottage and garden at the end of the rainbow.

No greater example of their sentimentality may be found than in the obituary columns of theatrical journals. Scarcely an issue is without its several columns of "In Memoriam" cards. The anniversary of each passing in the profession is remembered with flowery verbal tributes from friends and relatives who survive.

I reproduce one which is typical from a vaudeville weekly that lies on the table here before me. It is almost a story in itself:

IN MEMORIAM
To my partner and friend for
more than 20 years
GEORGE HAGER
(Died May 11th, 1914)
I am carrying on, Georgie!
ELLIS BLAKE

Domestic rifts in vaudeville are comparatively few. An older generation of married couples in vaudeville still take bows hand in hand.

The silver-haired veteran Sam Morton continues to appear with his wife Kitty and their grown children as the Four Mortons. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry have been appearing for twenty years or more—models of wedded bliss.

These instances are not unusual but rather the usual run of vaudeville life.

Junie McCree, a beloved old-timer, wrote on his deathbed: "We never grow rich in vaudeville save in friendships. Knowing I am soon to face my Maker, I say that I do not know a performer, and I know nearly all, who would not share half or more of what he had if I needed it."

A symbol of the Spartan spirit of vaudeville is exemplified by Ben Welch, who has for years portrayed those serio-comic bits of Hebrew life.

Several years ago he was playing in a revue with Frances White in Washington. He was handed a paper, reached for it but it fluttered to the floor.

"Don't reach for it," he whispered. "I am blind. Go on as though nothing had happened."

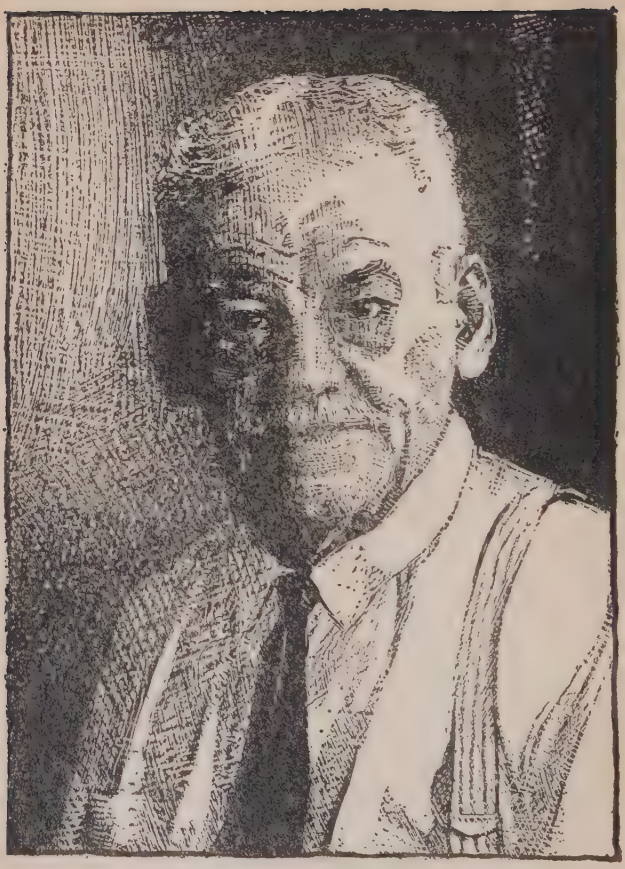
The audience laughed and he turned a fitting joke.

In a flash Ben Welch had entered the long black night.

He went on from city to city, continuing during the run of the show.

Blindness was the beginning of an illness that today has left him totally paralyzed, but he has not faltered. Stage-hands carry him out to a bench in front of a park back-drop. The curtain goes up and there is Welch, sightless and helpless, making people laugh and sometimes cry.

This is more often than not vaudeville. Tragedy wearing the mask of the mime!



H. B. McIntyre

"Every dog and every child in his home town loves him. I think he is one of the truly great Americans."

"My Dad"

PERHAPS I am prejudiced but I think my father is one of the truly great Americans. For nearly forty years he has been the landlord of a country town hotel.

There are very few guests stopping at the Laclede Hotel in Plattsburg, Missouri, who did not leave with a friendly feeling for H. B. McIntyre, the proprietor.

Now my father is not the "mine host" of fiction greeting the new arrival with low sweeping salaams and unctuous rubbing of hands. He has the gruffest exterior of any man I know.

He weighs in the neighborhood of 250 pounds, has a great shock of white hair and unless he goes out of town never wears a hat. It was not until recently, when he retired to a peaceful cottage on a quiet residential street, that he wore a necktie. Also he eats pie for breakfast.

He is a strange combination of surliness and sweet temper. I have seen him order a suspender drummer from Indianapolis out of his hotel office for smoking a cigaret and a half hour later drive twenty miles through a blinding snow-storm to St. Joe to get his old darkey

Hannibal out of jail for whooping it up with whisky.

He is extremely violent in his likes and dislikes. Once he forms a dislike for a person nothing will ever change him. But I know of no one who will go further for a friend.

My mother died when I was young and I was reared by my grandmother in Ohio. My early memory of my father was his semi-annual visits —a very big man who brought me a bright silver dollar. No boy in that town had more than I. I had the first bicycle, the best clothes and more spending money than most boys.

At twenty when I was out of school he sent for me. It was his ambition that I should succeed him as a hotel landlord. It was not to my liking. I had no talent for it. I told him I wanted to be a newspaper man.

I think it would have pleased him more had I told him I was going to take up safe blowing as a life pursuit. He thought newspaper men were worthless. His opinion was based on one experience. Some circulation boosters came in from St. Louis, remained a week, and departed suddenly without settling their bill. Hence anyone who worked on a newspaper was no good.

I idled about the town for a year and one day my father called me around to a vacant lot at the side of the hotel, gave me twenty dollars, and suggested that travel broadened the mind. For five years I did not write to him.

I was aggrieved. Nor did he write to me, yet he was in constant touch with me, through others, during my migrations as a roving newspaper man.

Today, looking back, I see the remarkable wisdom he displayed. Had he permitted me to remain there I would probably be out whittling in front of Biggerstaff's grocery store, for I am inherently lazy. I needed the shock of being cast adrift to find myself.

I have had some little success perhaps as a writer, yet during all these years my father has never referred to this fact. Not once has he ever praised me for anything I have written. Yet, until this appears, he will not know that he bores everybody in town talking about "my son."

He has several boxes filled with things written by me and about me and now and then his old friends say, "Let's go up to see Henry and hear him brag about Odd." And father gets out the boxes.

A number of years ago Irvin Cobb was on a lecture tour and stopped in Plattsburg. When he alighted from the hack my father greeted him with, "I am Odd McIntyre's father." Cobb is a good friend of mine today, but we had not met then. He probably didn't know whom my father was talking about, but at my father's insistence Cobb stayed at his home. Cobb played "straight" while my father invited the

neighbors in to hear the big literary man from New York talk about his son.

Another time he came to Cincinnati to see me. I had somehow or other been made city editor of an afternoon newspaper. I was perhaps the youngest and freshest person of my age in the State to hold down such a desk. I wanted my father to come down to the editorial rooms, see my big roll-top desk, and watch me boss the reporters around. Briefly I wanted to show off and impress him.

He dodged my invitations for several days and finally one night I insisted that he accompany me to the office next morning. He came into my bedroom as I was dressing and said grudgingly, "Where is this printing office of yours?"

He met at the door an old fellow he used to know in Ohio who was then the janitor of the building and talked to him for an hour without coming up-stairs with me. That night he sent a telegram to Cousin Sennett Young which read, "My son is one of the biggest newspaper men in the Middle West." I may add parenthetically that I wasn't by a long, long shot.

They had new city editors on this newspaper every second week and the owners happened to be in Europe while father was in Cincinnati. When they came back as I remember it I went back on the undertakers' run.

"MY DAD"

My father in his earlier days was a most elegant cusser. He had the rare gift of making impolite words poetical. He also liked his liquor straight and alternated smoking big black cigars with a chew of tobacco. When he was forty he went to bed for three days. Since then he has never sworn, drunk or used tobacco. He never goes to church, yet his best friends are preachers. He goes fishing and hunting with them and is a consistent contributor to religious activities.

Cynical city folk might say my father is a Babbitt. I believe he wears white socks. No community enterprise goes on in Plattsburg without his taking a leading part. He believes thoroughly in our government at Washington and our American traditions.

He hates the Kansas City Star and reads it religiously every day. He believes Jim Reed is the greatest man of our day and will fight any one who disputes this.

His hotel has been a two-dollar a day house since its inception. During the war it was suggested to him that he raise the price of his meals to seventy-five cents instead of fifty cents. He said it would be unpatriotic and he would starve first.

His diversion is playing seven-up with a crowd of his old cronies of the hotel days. The game breaks up with everybody going away mad and not speaking, but the next night they

are at it as though nothing had happened. There isn't one of those old seven-up players who wouldn't die for any one of the others.

Every child and every dog in Plattsburg loves my father. He has lived for fifty years in one community and has always stood for what he considered the best interests. He has time to visit the sick. He is a good neighbor and has been a devoted father to my sister and me. He recently built a fine hotel for a small town—a sort of monument for the town—and turned it over to others to run.

In my opinion he is one of the mightiest of American assets. And I say this with pardonable pride. He belongs to the Brotherhood of Common Men and without them sometimes I feel that our nation would face anarchy and ruin.

His name will never illuminate history and he may not be remembered outside of the county in which he lives. Yet I feel his achievement has been great, for one may truthfully inscribe an epitaph for him reading:

"He was a good citizen."

My First Vacation

I WAS city editor of the Gallipolis, Ohio, Daily Journal when I took my first vacation from work. City Editor was a rather gaudy title. My job was to scamper up and down the main street to garner the homely personal items of a small town.

I also solicited advertising, set a little type, did shift duty turning the hand press and helped to wrap the mail. My salary was five dollars a week and two passes to all attractions at the Aerial Opera House.

With the aid of grandma and a China pig bank I had saved $21.60 out of my first year's earnings. Peter McMullen, who owned the Journal, told me I needed a rest. I suspect he was thinking of his subscribers.

Grandma and I discussed vacation plans at great length. She was for my going out to Aunt Leonora Graham's farm, east of town. I was for traveling and seeing the world. So we decided on Cincinnati, about 200 miles away.

I made a grand editorial gesture over my departure. My "Purely Personal" column led off with this pompous conceit:

The City Editor of the Journal leaves Saturday for Cincinnati, where he will spend a week seeing the sights.

Before I left, "Sluggy" Gorselene, of the job printing department, struck off some business cards for which I furnished the copy. They read:

O. O. McIntyre, Esq.
City Editor
Gallipolis, O., Journal
"Have you an Item?"

I departed on the Ohio River side-wheeler Iron Queen. Grandma accompanied me to the wharf and as the steamer headed for midstream called out: "Look out for the cable cars and try to stop biting your nails!"

I shall never forget the first night of this high adventure. The Iron Queen seemed to me the most palatial steamer in the world. The Leviathan today appears a tug in comparison. She fairly blazed with light, life and color. As we neared the twinkling lights of small towns, the orchestra, consisting of a cornet, violin and harp, played popular airs.

Nowadays the most brilliant cafés in London, Paris or New York could not compare with my impression of that dining-room.

The clatter, strange faces and throb of the engines made me giddy. I was at the top of the

world. Afterward on deck as we floated lazily along we could hear the negro roustabouts crooning their levee melodies. A fellow passenger—a city man from Pittsburgh—sat next to me.

"From Pittsburgh?" he asked.

"No," I lied nonchalantly, lighting a rat-tailed stogie, "from New York." And it was from the metropolis I registered at the Palace Hotel in Cincinnati. A topsy-turvy world! Today I live in New York and register from my birthplace, Plattsburg, Missouri.

I have seen the lights of Paris in the falling dusk from the top of Montmartre Hill, New York's sky-line from an incoming liner at sunrise, and other entrancing vistas, but nothing yet has compared to my first glance at the Cincinnati levee—the row of suspension bridges, acres of dray horses tugging up the cobblestoned hill, the tower at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and the coils of smoke from a hundred factory stacks.

What a vacation I had! I saw the Cincinnati Reds play the New York Giants. I saw the Roger Brothers in "In Havana." I had a shave and a hair cut in the glittering barber shop in the Arcade. I mingled with the crowds in Fountain Square. I saw a girl from Gallipolis who was singing in a beer concert hall.

I saw the waxed horrors in a Vine Street musée. I saw a comedian wearing green whis-

kers at the People's Theater hit his team-mate over the head with a mallet and toppled out of the seat laughing at the gallon of water that spurted in a tiny stream from his head.

I rode up to the top floor of the Traction Building in an elevator. I talked to Jimmy Widemeyer, the pugilist newsboy of Government Place. I watched Boss George B. Cox at his famous round table in Weilert's Garden Over-the-Rhine. I traveled up in the almost perpendicular incline at Eden Park. I bought a revolving shirt front that could be turned to six different colors with a flip of the wrist.

I fed peanuts to the monkeys at the Zoological Garden. I *applied* for a job as a reporter on the Cincinnati Enquirer. I ate at the oyster bar in Opera Place. I pawned my silver hunting case watch on Central Avenue for a scalper's ticket home. But it was worth it!

More than twenty years have gone since that first vacation. The Journal is gone. Peter McMullen is gone. And the golden illusion of youth has vanished.

Today I take two vacations a year of about two months each—four months in all. Not one of these compares with that first vacation by a long, long shot. In fact in two or three days I usually find myself quite bored with it all.

I rarely read the social columns of a New York newspaper without reading something like this:

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley Smythe-Smythe sailed on their private yacht for Naples. They will visit Rome, go on to Deauville for the season and arrive in London for the tennis games. They expect to be away for six months.

This may excite the envy of many but it only excites my pity. It is a rigmarole business —a paltry genuflection to swank. I think of the unceasing whirligig of the squirrel in the revolving cage. The futile effort to flee from ennui. I think of the farmer in Maine who was going down to Bangor on a spree and "Gosh, how I dread it!"

Vacations among the very rich today are not so much for pleasure as to impress people who don't give a hoot anyway.

Mr. Mervyn Martyn goes to Scotland to open his shooting place. Mr. Mervyn Martyn —formerly Mel Martin of Deep Gap, Pennsylvania—cares just as much about shooting grouse as Paderewski would enjoy exchanging punches with Jack Dempsey. Mr. Martyn would rather follow a winding brook with an old-fashioned pole and line back home. He is paying one of the penalties of great wealth. He must follow the trail of the show-offs. His shooting lodge is something elegant to which to refer at his club.

Perhaps a trip on the Iron Queen to Cincinnati would bore me to extinction today, but I

do not believe it would. As we grow older we discover that the memories standing out like clear-cut cameos are the simple, unaffected pleasures.

Most of us remember the pyramids and the bazaars of Constantinople in a blurry way. The peaceful picnic grove back home is etched in steel. This is not a plea for the simple life. It is a silent tear for more of the imperishable dreams youth gave us.

I am thinking of the three-day bicycle ride to Walker Springs—the early morning dew, the caroling birds, the farmers waving from the fields and the midday luncheon under a spreading oak.

Night in the open with a star-spangled sky, the melancholy hoot of the owls mingling with the cheerful chirp of crickets. The dying embers of a camp-fire.

And then contrast it with the seashore vacation of today with its stiffly starched routine, its board-walk promenade, its formal dinners and mighty effort to dazzle strangers who will never see you again.

I fear vacations are not vacations any more for the most of us.

They have gone the way of the street-corner medicine show and the county fair. Just pleasant memories of something we have lost.

One time as a reporter on a New York newspaper I asked one of the richest men in America

to express his views on the ideal vacation for a symposium my paper was preparing.

He said he would like to travel with a knapsack afoot through a certain section of North Carolina.

He wanted to sleep where night found him. He wanted to cook his own meals, fish a little, hunt a little and get entirely away from people and the telephone.

Several weeks later I noticed he had thrown open a great mansion in Newport for the season and would entertain a score or more house guests. There would be grand lawn fêtes and gorgeous costume balls.

I am not inclined to believe he was insincere with me in our interview. He was merely caught in the merciless social net. He had to carry on.

We take life on the run, forgetting perhaps that real happiness is just a few steps around the corner.

Giant liners, freighted with brightly labeled trunks and folk from Fashion Row, shove off for Europe to the merry medley of sirens. Stenographers and clerks in down-town skyscrapers press their faces to the windows and sigh.

Their "two weeks in August" seem hapless makeshifts for a real vacation.

And yet these bored voyagers dash madly

back to milk and rest cures to round into condition again.

I have often watched the Saturday half-holiday crowds in Central Park. They eddy over from the East Side tenements to this great breathing space so close to the city's heart-beat. Father in his shirt-sleeves contentedly stretched out under a great oak. Mother peacefully knitting. And their little brood scampering delightfully over the greensward.

Then I think of the expression of tedious resignation you see on the faces of the fashionable crowds at the American and European watering places. Then again I wonder what constitutes a really happy vacation.

Anyway, I wish you a right merry one!

Cinderellas

NO AREA is so responsive to the rise of Cinderella folks as that known as the Great White Way. As quickly as it forgets its heroes, it hails its Cinderellas. The frenzy for new idols is the mark of Broadway pantheism—its pompadour.

The drooping little thing in the moth-eaten coat waiting in the theatrical agency room today is the divine Brunhild of tomorrow. The seedy young playwright in shiny serge is suddenly raked from his dusky attic to take a bewildered first-night bow.

Noel Coward at twenty-six is the Rialto's glossy, fair-haired boy with two hits on Broadway in a season, in one of which he starred, and three plays running in London aside from his songs in an English revue, which New York is whistling.

Three years ago with his bundle of plays Coward descended on Broadway. He happened to occupy a small room adjoining my quarters in a New York hotel.

When he was not visiting managers he was in that room tapping a typewriter or composing tunes. Every night he was there. I remember

especially one Saturday evening when New York was moving *en masse* to holiday pleasures. As I passed into the hall a slit of light blazed under Coward's door and he was there improvising on a rented piano.

Broadway shortly afterward turned him back to dear, perfidious Albion without a quid. Today he is almost deafened by the din of its accolade. The Broadway gods have bestowed their gifts—a sumptuous apartment overlooking the Park, a crested limousine and a name in lights.

Patricia Salmon drifted about hell-roaring camps in the West with a tent show. In buckskin skirt and sombrero, she sang gay and mawkish songs to lumberjacks and desert rats.

Newspaper men saw her during the prize-fight training at Shelby, Montana, and three days later she was a featured member of the Follies, where she remained for a season, then fled to the tents.

Mary Lewis, with slight freckles, gingham and the conventional pig-tails, was an adopted child in an Arkansas home. After singing in a church choir she ran away, joined a one-night stand troupe, sang at Tate's-on-the-Beach in San Francisco, then went to Paris. This season she was engaged to trill in leading rôles at the Metropolitan.

And so I arrive by obvious analogy at the latest trio of Cinderellas of Broadway and the

world, for as this is written their fame goes hurtling to all far-flung corners of the globe.

They were whisked out of utter obscurity by Samuel Goldwyn, who himself first glimpsed the wonders of America through a steerage porthole. Goldwyn, whose surname is adopted, is the typical Russian dreamer who wriggled from under Warsaw's repressive heel to the full-orbed freedom of an adopted land.

Like his prototype, Morris Gest, who fled from Wilna to become a New York impresario, Goldwyn is an astute showman—a rather shy and sensitive fellow who envisages the haunting melancholy of early suffering.

From his beginning he has studded the movie heavens with brilliant and meteoric flashes of art. He was the first to bring Geraldine Farrar and other celebrated artists to the screen. No man has done more to substitute realism for hokum. He has made one fortune after another, only to lose it for an ideal. He has literally lived with a moving picture idea for two years before making a single step toward its production.

His faith in the movies is the sturdy faith of the Islamites in Mohammed. It cannot be shaken. Once launched upon an idea, he is a dynamo of action.

So it was that when, some time ago, he wanted a girl for a certain cinema part who gave forth an intangible spiritual quality and

the sheen of butterfly wings, he advertised for a Juliet. He was tossing the bait of imagination for potential Cinderellas of the world to nibble.

The first Juliet came to him in Paris with her mother. She was a sixteen-year-old girl in curls from Pittsburgh who was a pastel in naïveté. Life had not treated her very well and her infrequent bits as an extra in French films had come to a full stop. Mother and daughter waited in a cheerless, dank apartment in Montmartre for the tide somehow to turn.

In a magic half-hour her world had changed. Goldwyn selected her for the part of the daughter in "Stella Dallas," and three days later the happy young Cinderella and her mother were crossing the Atlantic in first-cabin quarters for Hollywood. Today her salary runs into five figures yearly. Her name is Lois Moran.

It was in Budapest that Goldwyn, still in quest of his pseudo Juliet, found Vilma Banky.

She had essayed small parts in a few crude films with no great success and had settled down to the rather prosaic field of stenography. A Hungarian newspaper man sang her praises to Goldwyn, but a pressure of business caused a luncheon engagement mix-up.

And Goldwyn interviewed other aspirants. He was at the station ready to take train to Paris one evening a week later. A few minutes before train time the same newspaper man

rushed up to him breathlessly and said he had Miss Banky at the curb outside in a taxi.

"But I am leaving now," said Goldwyn, but insistence won and he dashed out to the curb. He took a hurried look at Miss Banky, cried: "If you will have dinner with me tonight I'll stay over until morning," received a nod of assent and then hurriedly salvaged his luggage from the compartment of the almost departing train.

That evening Vilma Banky, from a job corresponding to about ten dollars a week in American money, jumped to stardom with a five-year contract. A sum of $3,000 was dropped in her lap to pave the way for her sudden embarkation to America. She literally kept pinching her arm during the interview and subsequent business arrangements fearing that after all it might be a dream.

She came to America and was immediately filmed in the stellar rôle of "The Dark Angel" and later appeared as leading woman with Rudolph Valentino at his suggestion, and was so loaned by Goldwyn.

Belle Bennett was nearing middle years with varying success. She had her fleeting moments on Broadway and then drifted to San Francisco for an unusually long run in stock. And then lean days came.

She went to Hollywood at the time Goldwyn was casting about for the tragic mother rôle in

"Stella Dallas." He interviewed her and cataloged her as a possibility, but in his opinion she was a bit "stagy."

And so Belle Bennett made the rounds daily to see casting directors. Funds were low and she was battling with a secret which might any day filter to the front pages. She had married when a very young girl and was hiding the fact that she had a son who looked almost as old as she. He was known as her brother. Age is often a barrier on the screen.

It was at this critical period and with less than $100 in her bank she again sought an interview with Goldwyn. There was a touch of Mona Lisa in her smile that captured his imagination. That morning her son had been ordered to a hospital with an infection and in a poignant moment of despair the mother gushed out her secret. She was given the job.

Four days later the son died in terrible agony with a mother's sleepless vigil comforting him to the last, and the day after she had followed the body to the grave she appeared at the studio to portray the mournful part of "Stella Dallas." It was thus a tragic mother rôle became a bit of wistful realism on the screen. Belle Bennett's place today in the cinema heavens is fixed. Another Cinderella comes to life.

The life of a modern Cinderella is often short—a Promethean flame soon quenched.

Hundreds of Noel Cowards and Vilma Bankys are waiting in chimney-corners today for the touch of the magic wand.

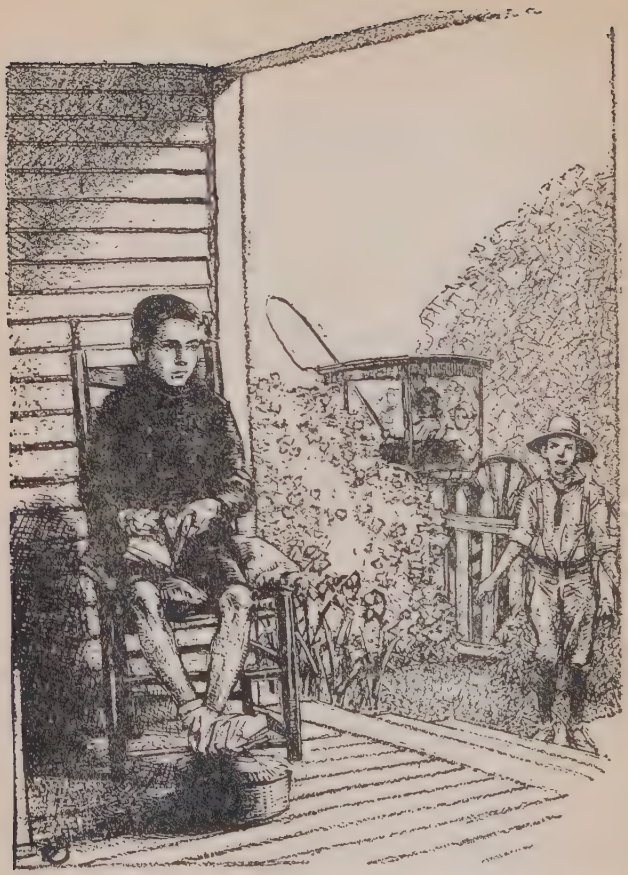
There is no assurance of the permanency that comes with toiling footsteps upward to the pinnacle of success. Quick fame is more often than not a mere Broadway gesture—a new toy to gather a quick tarnish.

Not so long ago a queenly beauty of a musical revue fulfilled the eternal Broadway prophecy: "Today the toast of the town! Tomorrow a crumb on Tenth Avenue."

She had been touched by the magic of overnight success. The world of Broadway was at her feet and she stemmed its pleasures until a ravaging cough sent her West to recuperate.

Then she returned to a series of White Way escapades. And one morning in a supper club among those waiting for the sun to blear a red eye over the horizon she stood up unsteadily and cried: "They tried to keep me parked in an Arizona tent but I've come back to Broadway for the big blowoff!"

It was a great seer who observed that one who travels fast more likely than not arrives nowhere. Such is often the fate of the Broadway Cinderella!



"Grandma had applied arnica to his foot and the hair-brush to some place else."

That Glee-or-ious Fourth

IT IS the morning of July 5, 1898. The scene is Gallipolis, Ohio. Our little hero sat in grandma's rocker on the front porch. A bandaged foot rested on the carpet stool that Aunt Soph made for grandpa.

Our hero was pale. But his was not the pallor of pain. It was the paleness of the conqueror who had dared and won. He feigned a sad and forlorn look for grandma's watchful eyes. Grandma was not in the best of humor. And she was making sugar cookies that day.

Our hero tingled with a certain strange joyousness. He had plumbed the depths of sentimentality and was rhapsodizing over a sore toe. The night before this intrepid soul had lighted a Little Giant, No. 2, cannon cracker, calmly placed his foot on the unlighted end and stood, in a Napoleonic pose, until it exploded.

Six little girls in ginghams and bright hair ribbons had watched him, screamed their warnings, then turned and hid their faces in their arms as the fuse spluttered. And the hero—for it was none other than myself—turned away with a benumbed and blistered foot and

whistled his quixotic way over Court Street to his home.

That had been the end of a glee-or-ious day! How feeble seemed his other daring exploits. He smiled rather pityingly at his skinning-the-cat from the second branch of Maxon's cherry tree, at his parachute drop with an umbrella from Carl's hayloft, and he even smiled at that magnificent hour when he rode with the calliope player at the tail end of a circus parade. For this indeed was the top-side of his hour.

Grandma applied the arnica to his benumbed foot and the hair-brush some place else—making two numbnesses whereas there had been only one before.

He stirred rather restlessly in his rocker. It was time for the twelve-fifteen Hocking Valley. He wanted to limp up Second Street and past the post-office corner where all the little girls came for the noonday mail.

"You move off that porch and you'll get a dose of birch tea you'll remember," called grandma from the kitchen.

Our hero—always the little gentleman—merely replied in a very tired voice, "Yessum."

So the invalid sat and watched the passers-by—General George House, the men from the spoke factory going to midday dinner, McCormack's railroad hack drawn by a white horse and a black mule, Aaron Frank in his phaeton and little Archibald Bradshaw, aged

thirteen, immaculate in his starched white collar and velvet suit. What did Archibald know of life?

Gone are those glorious, reckless Fourths of July! No longer do triple sets of Jackson crackers sputter in the Presbyterian church belfry. Little boys do not appear at breakfast the following morning with powder-speckled faces and drenched with witch-hazel and arnica.

Sanity and sanitation—twin sisters of youthful despair—have robbed Boyville of its most enduring glamour. We who are galloping toward the fifties can truthfully say, "The Fourth isn't what it used to be!"

The Fourth dawned auspiciously in our town. At sun-up the cannon boomed in the public square. Uncle Enoch, the old darkey with frizzed white hair, who sunned and dozed on a bench on the north end of the square, had been jostled out of his dreams by a giant explosion.

It had been placed under his bench by revelers from Varney's saloon. Uncle Enoch always expected it every Fourth of July, but he just couldn't keep awake.

Harry Maddy, who never missed running to a fire, didn't work on the Fourth. He was kept too busy. Sometimes he would have a record of three awnings, two barns and a henhouse before noon.

Along maple-lined Third Street timid little

girls were being chased by their braver brothers with fizzlers.

Down in the Third Ward Bill Geppert and his gang were building a monster bonfire to be touched off at dusk.

Now and then Doctor Parker and Doctor Cromley could be seen racing through town in their buggies. Excitement everywhere. A report that the bridge had been dynamited near Harrington's Mill, east of town.

Jud Harkness on a hell-roaring drunk had fired three shots through the bar mirror in Archibald's saloon. Some one had tossed a can of powder in the base-burner stove in the Riverview Hotel—then touched it off.

Constable Jack Dufour's dog with firecrackers to his tail had gone mad and bitten a little Lasley boy. Blooey! Blooey! Shotguns firing from Alum Rock across the river. A delirious madness everywhere. America on a bust.

The noonday dinner lull. Harried mothers. And feverish sons. In the afternoon the patriotic speech from the band-stand in the public square by Attorney Bob Switzer—lanky Bob the boy orator of the Chicamaugua who later went to Congress.

The band concert afterward with Pawsey Lawson playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" for a solo on his slip-horn.

"Somebody stop her!" A rush to the street. Kent Thivener clinging to the back of a runa-

way horse and yelling for help as it lickety-splits down the main street.

In Aleshire's Hall the fife and drum corps is collecting—Pete Uhrig, the twin Jenny boys and Phister Martin with "Tough" Gillespie in charge of the baton.

The march over Court to Second, up Second to Pine, over Pine to Third and down Third to the free bean supper at Red Kraus's. Sim Purday, who never missed following a parade, was in the rear, his patched coat over his shoulder, grinning from ear to ear and bowing low to the tittering ladies.

What pyrotechnic displays lighted up the heavens! The best on Banker Henking's expansive lawn on Fourth Avenue—known as Back Street until he moved there.

Pinwheels, snakes in the grass, nigger-chasers, red, green and blue fire, skyrockets with their bursting sprays, varicolored Roman candles and a set piece imported from Cincinnati.

That little boy who sat on grandma's front porch July 5, 1898, with a bandaged foot is a little boy no longer. His hair is graying and thinning on top. Telltale little crow's-feet are sprouting at his temples.

The little girls who watched him "show off" with the giant fire-cracker are now mothers of

half grown children. Fireworks no longer sputter. The sane Fourth comes to Gallipolis.

And just as he sentimentalized then over that sore toe, he is sentimentalizing now over vanished youth. Old scenes, old faces, old friends tumble pell-mell about him.

He wonders if Bud Thompson ever achieved his ambition to become a circus acrobat. If One-Eyed Cooper ever caught the ghost that haunted the ice pier. If Eli Evans Klinger still drives the big furniture wagon. If Captain Barrows pilots the Neva to the mouth of the Kanawha. If the drummers still sit out along the curb in front of the Park Central at dusk. If the mysterious old lady on Grape Street lives up-stairs over the ice-house and if the rusty tin cup hangs to the same old brass chain at the pump in the public square.

How consoling are those memories! What wouldn't he give to turn back the years and hear grandma call from the kitchen just once again, "You move off that porch and you'll get a dose of birch tea you'll remember!"

Dear old grandma! She was always promising punishment she never gave. Life, too, is a little like that.

Famous Folks

THERE is a notion that when most people achieve that evanescent quality called fame they become as stiff and formal as a guest towel in the bathroom.

They are suddenly lifted above the herd and a pack of slightly sneering "I-knew-him-whens" yip at their heels to puncture the first ballooning of the divine afflatus.

New York is a sort of parade ground for celebrities. They either live or come here at frequent intervals. Thus we have a shooting gallery view of what are supposed to be dangling egos.

The lionized playwright of the hour is probably the reporter on a hotel run of yesterday. The best selling novelist may have been cutting his own hair in a Greenwich Village attic last year. The stage star of the moment often leaps from the glove counter to spotlight honors at a single bound.

Fame seems to have a way of sneaking upon its victim suddenly. The ascent from the hall bedroom to the luxurious hotel suite is often accomplished overnight. This sudden elevation would more than likely leave most of us dizzy.

Yet somehow the majority of our celebrities land on their feet. Their hats fit them still.

It is the ambitious and ofttime unworthy struggler who seeks the glare of publicity; the man who has arrived shies from it. Many hide their light with an incognito, and dodging reporters is a part of their lives.

The simplest, most unaffected men I know are those who have won eminence in their various fields of endeavor.

It strikes me most of them shrink to the corners, wondering what it is all about. And if they are routed out it is to the accompaniment of furious blushes.

The newspaper first page has rung with the daring Arctic explorations of Vilhjálmur Stefansson. His life is pitched mostly in the dreary waste of Arctic ice, but when he returns to New York's civilization he hides away in a top floor flat in inconspicuous Barrow Street in Greenwich Village. When a census taker once called he gave his occupation as "a traveling man."

When George Ade comes to town from the peaceful seclusion of his farm at Brook, Indiana, he is usually accompanied by his friend and companion of many jaunts, Ort Wells, but you seldom find Ade's name spread on the hotel register. Instead you find: "Ort Wells and manservant."

Perhaps the busiest yet most approachable

man in Gotham is Will H. Hays. There are no "in conferences" or other high-falutin bunk outside his threshold.

He sees every man or woman who calls on him if it is humanly possible.

It seems to be a predominant trait of celebrities to be vitally interested in their fellow humans—especially old friends. The approval of their home town has a tremendous appeal. A two-line recognition in the Shady Landing Weekly Gazette means more than a metropolitan Sunday page feature.

About the only clippings Irvin Cobb preserves are those from the local press in Paducah, Kentucky. Almost the first person Sinclair Lewis looks up when he drops in from Europe is the first baseman of the old Sauk Center, Wisconsin, baseball team. He is a barber in the Grand Central.

Kathleen Norris is the target for women's club luncheons. She is a forceful speaker and a brilliant conversationalist, yet in most of her leisure hours in New York she will be found mounting rickety tenement stairs to see old Mrs. McCarthy who is down with rheumatism or a brood recently orphaned by a building blast.

Irving Berlin went from Nigger Mike's Chinatown joint to millions in rattetat jazz. Yet he paid weekly visits to "Chuck" Conners until that picturesque character passed from

earthly view. In the rabbit-like warrens of Chinatown, Berlin is pleased to be remembered as "Little Izzy Baline."

It is a common accusation when a man has gone to big things to say he has "a swelled head." If he dines at the Ritz there are those who remember—ha, ha—his favorite slot at the Automat.

And yet a few days ago among those I saw dining in Beefsteak Charlie's humble little eatery off Broadway were Peter B. Kyne, Arthur Hopkins, John J. McGraw, S. Jay Kaufman and Gilbert White.

They were not pecking birdlike at pâté de foie gras on huge silver platters. They were consuming steak and onions and Irish stew; and jazz behind fronded palms had given way to the lively clatter of thick heavy dishes.

Big men worth while are proud of their early environment. The favored possession of Charles M. Schwab at his Riverside Drive mansion is the statue of the iron puddler—symbolic of his humble beginning—that dots the expansive lawn.

John McE. Bowman, who now owns a thicket of giant metropolitan hotels, was once a riding instructor and millions have not snuffed out his love for horse-flesh. He takes in the spring trotting-meets of county fairs.

Roy W. Howard used to be a newsboy in Indianapolis. He now owns a chain of news-

papers, one of which is in his home town. When he returns to Indianapolis his favorite walk is over his old newspaper route, for some of his happiest days were spent there.

I should imagine that one of Webster's "thrills that come once in a lifetime" would be for Howard to pass his own newspaper over the old route.

Kin Hubbard, the genial Abe Martin, and Meredith Nicholson, the novelist, all of Indianapolis, attend corn-shuckings at the cross-road villages each year and delight in organizing barber shop quartets.

John Ringling, the circus man, has a town named for him in Montana. On his first visit there the community had prepared a big celebration. He hid in a hotel until a delegation finally dragged him out.

Charlie Chaplin when he comes to New York eats at a solitary table in a far-away corner of a certain grill. When he departs in his quick mignon way he scurries from post to post like a frightened rabbit.

Two of Edna Ferber's closest companions in New York are working girls—one a clerk in a radio shop and the other in a classified ad department of a newspaper. Some of Miss Ferber's happiest hours are spent in their boarding-house room cooking a dinner over a gas-stove. Many of her short stories have glorified Betty and Babe.

Because of Ring Lardner's deft exposé of conversational commonplaces, strangers often expect his talk to crackle with brilliancy. Then they find Lardner won't talk among strangers at all. In any gathering he is as dumb as the oyster. It isn't that he doesn't like to talk, but here is a man whose thoughts are translated into seven languages who actually believes he has nothing important to say.

New York, of course, has its show-offs who have achieved little and claimed much.

They are constantly on display in public dining-rooms for the enraptured gaze of the yokelry, but the real celebrity is rarely seen in public.

Celebrities realize they are just common clay —even as you and I.

They do not enjoy a pedestal, for most of them are more conscious than we suspect of just how fleeting fame is. Indeed, I have found that most of them have a timidity complex. They reflect the manner of approach.

They belong to the fraternity of good fellows and if you approach them in this spirit you will find them just that. Regular!

To Those Who Will Try To Be Marion Talleys

MARION TALLEY is a little nineteen-year-old girl with the world at her feet wondering what it is all about. The most brilliant audience the Metropolitan Opera House ever held hung on the golden notes of this plump corn-fed child so vibrant with health and girlish freshness.

Tickets sold for as high as $300 each. The famed Horseshoe Circle sparkled with customary jewels. The Social Register was there *en masse*. It was the night of nights for the girl from Kansas City who had achieved where a hundred thousand failed.

A special train load of home folks in the audience. Her father, a railroad telegrapher, at his key in the wings to flash her triumph home over a special wire. Here were the ingredients of high-powered success as typically American as the seventh inning stretch.

The slight lift of the conductor's baton fairly pistoled a silence. And little Marion Talley with eyes perilously bright with tears made her début. It does not matter that Marion Talley awakened next morning to greet the supertechnical scorn of New York critics. She had her

Big Moment. Those who know say she will live to confound them.

Marion Talley comes from my neck of the woods. I know her rolling country and I believe I know New York, and while I cannot serve as a competent music critic, it is my opinion had she come to the Metropolitan bearing the "European stamp" and perhaps a marmoset on her sleeve she would have received different treatment.

Marion Talley suffered because of the old-fashioned back-fence neighborliness of her home town. Stiffly starched New York does not react favorably to such unbending gestures from the outland.

The Metropolitan, as everyone knows, is a hotbed of professional jealousy. I have the word of William J. Guard, who attends to such matters for the Metropolitan, that only a bare announcement of Marion Talley's début was sent out to the New York press.

But Kansas City, with pardonable pride, fairly burst with enthusiasm. Special trains thundered into New York from Kansas City and other points west. An army of newspaper and press photographers descended like locusts. They whooped it up in rodeo fashion and the impudence of it, I believe, left New York a little cold.

The critics failed to see the romance of the

little American girl from the plain, homespun American family who unlocked the golden gate at which thousands had beat so vainly after the long travail. They combed the lexicon to bewilder her with the high-blown technical verbiage of their craft. She came—ha, ha!—from Kansas City.

I once believed the most tragic figure I ever saw was in the Grand Central Station. Through the milling, jostling crowds in the great rotunda came a slinking youth of perhaps twenty. He was flanked on either side by a husky man with the unmistakable derby and square-toed shoes of Central Office.

They were braceleted together with steel. From out of the crowd darted a faded little woman in black to give the youth a pecking kiss. And then she stood watching him through the gates for the train to Sing Sing while she mopped her eyes with a handkerchief rolled into an anguished ball.

But to me she is no more tragic than the little figure of the bewildered Kansas City girl the day after her Metropolitan début. She had been untrussed by those she loved and those who loved her. Her career, of course, is not ended. To the credit of the Metropolitan, it has not lost one iota of its faith and believes Marion Talley will sing her way to even greater heights.

The real tragedy of Marion Talley's début is to come. Thousands of obscure homes bloom

with a new hope. Thousands of potential Marion Talleys are girding themselves for the futile fray. Homes will be mortgaged, bent mothers and work-worn fathers will renew the unending sacrifices to send daughters to New York and abroad to duplicate Marion's success.

One of the best American short stories was written about ten years ago by Charles R. Barnes, who unhappily quit literature for business. It was a chapter from real life based on an incident Barnes had seen in Manhattan.

It was the story of a small-town girl who had been encouraged to believe she had a voice. The usual parental sacrifice was made and she came like a sheep to the wolves. There are honest teachers of voice culture in New York and there are many not so honest. She fell in with one who came under the latter classification. Under his tutelage she would reach the Metropolitan. So she was told and there began the unremitting toil of years with the consequent parental pinching back home.

She did not reach the Metropolitan but she did reach a tawdry Tenth Avenue cabaret—the same disillusioning path hundreds just as promising before her had trod. And one night in the fetid muck of stale beer and cigar smoke she saw the teacher sitting at one of the café tables. It came her turn to sing to the ribald crowd In her cheap spangled dress she walked directly to his table and eyed him coldly. Then she said,

"Meet your promising little singer and don't laugh." And she sang to him a mawkish ditty of the period in a pathetic voice husky from gin and inveterate cigaret addiction.

It is not a broad prediction to assert that many who are already starting out for the same laurels Marion Talley has won will meet a similar disillusionment.

Marion Talley's success did not come from years of rigid training. It is true she studied three years abroad, but her voice—like that of Caruso, Melba and the latter-day Jeritza—was a natural gift. She sang with the freedom and naturalness of a nightingale.

I happen to know of many pitfalls awaiting the ambitious singer of New York. Enthusiasm retards her progress. Scores of conscienceless creatures make her easy prey.

Here is what happened to the daughter of a friend who lived in a city where I once worked. Her father, oddly enough, was, like Marion Talley's, a telegraph operator. He worked nights and on Sundays in those days that she might live in comparative luxury.

She fell in with several musical jackals who taught her not to sing but to bray. A pleasant but not overpromising natural voice was ruined. An "impresario" took her in hand for her "début." It would require $1,000 for the preliminary expenses, the hire of the hall, advertising, publicity and the innumerable et ceteras.

Her father, almost mortgaged to the hilt, managed to raise the last $500 on his home. The other $500 was secured from 200 percent usurers. It was a glowing picture—the "impresario" painted until he got the money. The big hall would be filled, all the famous critics would be there and the Metropolitan would be after her to sign on the dotted line.

In the rather spacious hall on her "début" night the curtain arose on an audience of twenty-seven. Eighteen were the singer's personal friends who came on complimentary tickets. The remainder—save exactly three tickets sold at the door—came as guests of the "impresario," who never showed up.

Of course, there were no critics there. First-string musical critics do not attend such "débuts." Not a line appeared in a New York newspaper. It was fortunate the young lady was made of sterner stuff than most mortals. She was crushed, but not hopelessly. Today she is working twelve hours a day in a humble calling to help her father pay off the debts. She never tried to sing again.

I think of her when I think of the thousands of song-birds, inspired by Marion Talley, preening their wings for the operatic flight.

Tad

A Close-up of a Man Who Amuses the World and Keeps His Troubles to Himself

I PROMISED "Tad" this would be no tear-jerking yarn of high courage in deep affliction. In one of his characteristic notes he wrote: "I merely have one of those dime-a-dozen tickers and have to duck the merry mucilage and the gang."

Tad is quite happy and needs no sympathy of yours or mine. Tad, as you doubtless know, is T. A. Dorgan, whose gay cartoon creations have convulsed millions daily, and he is also the genius who has furnished ninety percent of the slang that has enlivened Broadway and the out country for twenty years. Who has not laughed at and with "Judge Rummy," "Silk Hat Harry" and all the rest of his hilarious creations of the comic strip?

Seven years ago, as Tad expresses it, he blew the double harness of the fire department and took to the pastures. He says he is today just a cracked egg in a busy bakery—watching the mob from a shelf and enjoying it.

Tad was for years the life of the Roaring Forties. It was the playground for this shy, funereal humorist who liked to pry into the

mechanism of a hectic night life to see what made it tick.

Then overnight almost a queer twisting of fate laid him low with a heart affliction and removed him from the boiling caldron he loved. For long, gray years he was not beyond the four walls of the bedroom of his Great Neck home, but in that time he continued to make his millions laugh.

What an achievement, that! To make millions laugh from the poignant depths of a broken heart. And not even a devoted wife ever heard him whine.

Tad fought the good fight. Today he is able to take auto rides, although he cannot drive himself. Now and then on pleasant days he attends a local movie or a baseball game, but largely his life is a cloistered one—far from the incoherent thunder of Broadway.

Once in a while when he grows weary of the big trees, the grapevines, the humming bees and other pastoral simplicities he moves to a room on the fifteenth floor of a Broadway hotel and reclining at a window in this lofty aerie he watches the pulsings of life in the district whose heart-beats were long attuned to his.

"That's close enough to the mob for me now," he told me. "I lamp the cake-eaters with their dolls, the blind musician singing along Thirty-fourth Street, the busy guys, the easy-going guys, the old dames with their accordion-

pleated chins, the gyps and the square shooters. I get a wallop out of figuring their graft from my high perch. It is a great sight to see old Broadway tumbling by.

"Then there's the odor of waffles, chop-suey, hot roast-beef sandwiches, peanuts and coffee. The noises of early morning milk-wagons, garbage cans, newspaper trucks and taxis with the late butter and egg men, the fire-engines, crossing cop's whistle, street-cars and ambulances. It is all new to a Great Neck guy away for a few years."

New York is not the same to Tad without Jack's all-night restaurant and its Battling Nelson Grill. There was only one Jack's—and there will perhaps never be another. It never had a front-door key and its wedge of "flying waiters" has catapulted hundreds into the middle of Sixth Avenue's car-tracks.

There almost nightly was Wilson Mizner with his funny cracks. Also Jack Francis, the press-agent; Frank O'Malley—O'Malley of the Sun; Corse Payton, the world's best bad actor; Hype Igoe and his cigar-box uke; Jimmy Kellar, the bouncer; the fourflushers, confidence men, ocean card-sharks, the blind fellow selling violets who could spot a sucker across the room, new and old pugs, stage stars and ham actors,

There the latest stories were told—the newest slang spawned and the oldest songs sung. There the sleeper got a double check, the dead

one the bum's rush and the pest a Mickey Finn. In this hell-roaring café Tad laughed himself out of a million midnight trains to Great Neck.

Tad says it isn't so bad staying at home these days, now that a fellow can have movies in his own parlor and a radio that works. He has been watching fights for more than thirty years but his interest has waned.

"Fights are too ladylike," he declares. "Imagine Tunney and Dempsey fighting ten rounds for the championship. That is like a three-inning world series baseball game. Championship fights should be forty-five rounds or to the finish. Fight fans are fed up on pink teas."

Tad was born "south of the slot" in San Francisco forty-nine years ago. He was a sandlot ball-player—a rather tough kid. At an early age he faced an adversity that would have turned many boys into useless citizens.

When he was eight he was fooling around a house-moving job and attempted to ride a shovel on a rope that was propelled by a big pulley. He turned his head for a second and his right hand was caught in a pulley, crushing off four fingers of that right hand, which was reduced to a thumb and piece of knuckle.

He turned "lefty" and surmounted the obstacle. He has boxed and played ball and billiards all his life. He was for many years the crack pitcher on an undefeated newspaper ball team. "That," he added, "was fifteen years ago

before the comic guys started wearing silk skimmers and having their nails done."

Tad left San Francisco in 1904 when Arthur Brisbane offered him a job on the New York Evening Journal. He has been on that paper ever since. His virginal slang is as fresh and zippy today as ever it was. He is the ace of the designers of that typically American phraseology which finds its way around the world. His slang is heard in Kamchatka as well as Nome.

The phrase "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which when it was turned into a popular song made a half-million dollars, was Tad's, although he did not salvage a penny out of it. Through his cartoon creations he has been furnishing vaudeville artists gay *mots* for years, although he rarely receives credit therefor.

He is, after seven years of invalidism, as cheerful as his fruity humor. The bludgeonings have in no wise defeated him.

"Now that I am on the upgrade and the dark cheaters are removed I have a terrific yen to take a trip around the world. I'm a tramp at heart and love new scenes and new faces. The docs say my bum ticker won't stand this jaunt as yet, but it will come. I'll soon be stepping up the gang-plank. Watch my step!

"I've had everything I ever wanted and some day I'll don tweeds and see the world. When I was a kid I followed John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett along the streets of Frisco full of ad-

miration and wishing that some day I could lamp a real fight. Later I knew them both—Corbett is my neighbor now—and I spent many years writing about pugs from the ringside seats.

"Then I used to follow Jimmy Swinnerton along Market Street in that same town when Jimmy wore a flat derby and a canary-colored overcoat with pearl buttons. I longed to be an artist, and there I was with that nub of a mitt. But I kept on wishing and twenty-two years ago Jimmy and I were working side by side in the same art room of a newspaper.

"There's a lot to wishing if you wish long enough. I'm not a wise guy and can't tell you why—but I know it is true. I've wished my way out of many depths."

So there you have Tad and I think you will agree that he is "quite a guy."

I tried to sound him for the biggest lesson life had taught him. His lugubrious face wrinkled and he gazed for a moment from his drawing-board out across the peaceful, clipped lawn of his home.

Then he said in his half-drawling way: "The longer I live the surer I am that Gene Buck has the best line for a guy to have over his desk to look at every morning. And that is *'Don't Kid Yourself.'*"

Smiles Pay

I AM tired hearing about that mythical fellow who fashioned the perfect mouse trap and brought the world to his door. It has driven a lot of well-meaning people into seclusion to work out schemes for a better pants-hanger or some other ringle-dangle and when they peeped through the keyhole to see the crowd they saw instead a lean wolf.

The surest way to easy wealth these days is to amuse the public, and don't waste postage to tell me that is an 18-karat bromide. I'm merely trying to Be Helpful in a Grand Way. I can name twenty-five men and women in that many minutes who have proved it. And among a fairly large acquaintance I do not know a single mouse-trap millionaire, and come to think of it, I don't want to meet one.

It is not necessary to inspire what Variety calls "a belly laugh." Just make old John J. Public grin or make him forget for the moment there are such things as instalment collectors, uppity box-office men and income tax, and in a few years you can run over to Philadelphia and have a hearty laugh at the mint.

George McManus, Rube Goldberg, Bud Fisher, Billy De Beck, Tad, and many other Caliphs of the comic strip are sitting pretty, some in the millionaire division, because they have been able to make millions smile over the resounding "sku-u-ush" of a pen-and-ink flat-iron or brick.

One night at a benefit Al Jolson was billed to follow the golden-throated Caruso with a mammy song. That was a tough spot, but Jolson rubbed his corked hands and remarked, "Now you'll hear some singing." The crowd was captured and roared, and although Jolson has taken only five vocal lessons in his life he draws a bigger salary than Caruso ever did.

Caruso could make you cry, but seldom did he make you laugh.

I can—but I won't—take you over to the hunting grill of the Hotel Astor where the movie millionaires lunch any day, where you can watch and also hear them—and it is just more fun if the orchestra happens to be playing the "Anvil Chorus"—eating soup. Nine out of ten of these millionaires founded their fortunes on the early laugh-provoking films.

Most of us who have watched the Broadway pageant for the past decade have known Moran and Mack, the blackface comedians. Their languid drolleries, however, failed to rise above the level of cheaper vaudeville, but they sensed the value of a smile and struggled on. A few years ago they were spotted in a high-class revue.

Their sleepy intonations of "I'm the head man" and "What's the idea of bringing that up?" suddenly tickled a nation's risibilities. I was in Los Angeles last summer when their one-week's engagement was stretched into three —and they could have remained ten easily. Coiling lines went thrice around the block of the theater where they were playing.

Millionaires sat in the patios of their Spanish castles until after midnight, as did the ditch-diggers in their modest cottages, to hear Moran and Mack's five-minute dissertation over the radio. Their phonograph records outsold any

ever made and it became impossible for the makers to supply the stores not only in Los Angeles but in New York.

Gallagher and Shean, who rattled around in burlesque obscurity for years, made a neat fortune in the same way with the lone trick song "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean."

George M. Cohan has been a serious dramatist in his varied career, but he had an inflexible formula to which he cleaved, and that was: "Always leave them laughing when you say good-by." He knew the value of the smile and made it pay handsomely.

The most highly paid artists of the stage and screen are those who can choke off a sob with a wistful smile. Little Bert Wheeler, for instance, or Charlie Chaplin. I do not profess inside knowledge on this emotional phenomenon, but I rather suspect it is because we are a nation rising dry-eyed from a world recently wet with tears. The phantoms of horror are not entirely gone. We are looking for someone to make us forget.

Thus, then, has the "Smile-Getter" supplanted the "Go-Getter." And whatever we are paying him is not enough.

Back to the Cracker Barrel

I HAVE about given up all hope of ever becoming a city man. Like the rest of the fellows back in the brush I had my Big Dream. I wanted to become a thorough cosmopolite—one of those slick city chaps who could call hotel clerks by name in London, Paris, Cairo and Shanghai.

Others could dream of being big-town chiropractors or drummers traveling out of Chicago and New York, but I craved the insouciance of the nonchalant man-about-town—the boulevardier, if you please, with the pearl derby and dove-gray spats.

After twenty years I have acquired a working knowledge of various table-forks, the outward dip to the soup-spoon, the polite murmur of small talk and even the proper inflection of "Really!" But I cannot get the hang of New York traffic. It is entirely too much for my plowboy mind.

I have studied the fish-eyed lights blinking on Fifth Avenue. I have hurled myself fearlessly into traffic waves. I have watched such worldly pedestrians as Otto Kahn, Floyd Gibbons and

Michael Arlen. And after the last two hectic years I give up.

I am willing to complete the cycle and climb back on the cracker barrel in front of Biggerstaff's grocery store. It was as a member of the Spit and Whittle Club there that I went forth into the world to do and to dare. The boys have been predicting I would come back.

Kin Hubbard, the Hoosier philosopher, has hit the nail on the head. He says the only way to cross a New York street safely is to lead a cow. I have reached that age where knowing friends whisper: "He's not so spry as he used to be!"

Yet even on the down grade I cling to the old-fashioned notion life is a rather glamorous thing, and I have no desire to experiment with the immortality of my soul under the wheels of a limousine or one of those lovely lavender-and-gold-striped taxicabs.

So it is that, whereas most of my fellows are enjoying the bounty and freedom of middle age, I have become pretty much a recluse. I am not unconscious that some of the neighbor children stop in their play, nod toward me, tap their heads and whisper, "Old McIntyre, the hermit!" as I pass by.

But after all, I have my books, the radio, and what with the crop reports and the neighbors bringing in things the isolation is not so bad.

I can remember when I thought absolutely

nothing of putting on my hat and walking across town. There were times when it seemed to me I "sallied forth" like the hero in a book.

Today it is all so different. I leave the house with moist eyes while my wife rolls her handkerchief into an anguished ball. We wave all my way down the hall to the elevator and she yells a departing: "Have you your card?"

It is clutched in my hand and reads: "In case of accident notify, et cetera." And thus I launch the great adventure. Just this morning I stood on a Fifth Avenue curb, stepping out timidly only to scuttle back again like a frightened rabbit.

When my patience became thoroughly exhausted I clapped my hands sharply and cried: "See here, officer, when is it my turn?" I did not hear his reply, for just then a building blast lurched me from under my hat.

After two more attempts I made it and on the opposite side found I was clutching the hand of a withered old man whose expression resembled that of a disturbed screech owl.

I respect the law of the sea—women and children first—and my veneration for age is profound, but in New York traffic I believe in every man for himself.

It seems to me every time I reach the middle of the street, traffic is suddenly released with a Niagara rush and there I am with the sickly

pallor of a flounder's belly, playing the grim game of tag with Death.

I have been chased up alleys by bicycles and down Broadway by lumbering sightseeing buses. Indeed my life has been largely made up of skipping gutters and thumbing my nose at costly limousines that just missed hitting me in the pistol pocket.

I shudder to think of New York for the oncoming generation. Still I did some shuddering back in 1898, when I wrote that ringing editorial stringing clear across the page:

THE BICYCLE HAS COME TO STAY—OUR STREETS MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR PEDESTRIANS.

So I suppose, after all, it will come out all right somehow. Things always do.

The Avenue

FIFTH AVENUE sweeps northward from the sepulchral quiet of Washington Square and ends abruptly like a skyrocket where a colorful ghetto raises its medley.

It is the "avenue of avenues" and with kaleidoscopic fidelity mirrors the confused blendings of life. At once it rustles with silk and creaks with shiny serge.

The Avenue has the ironic gaiety of the Champs Élysées, and the dignity of old Bond Street, yet here and there is splotched with the chromatic colorings of Broadway and the Bowery. No two blocks are the same, for Fifth Avenue ripples along blithely from the sublime to the ridiculous. Across from the great stone lions that guard the public library gleams the red front of a five-and-ten.

Near the arch Stanford White designed at the southern end of the thoroughfare are ivy-clad homes and "Dickensy" inns, linking the present to days of crinoline and high-stepping bays. Opposite the red pile of the Vanderbilt mansion is the clatter of a white-tiled eatery with toothpicks and paper napkins. Behind the billboards on a vacant lot near a copper king's

million-dollar palace is a herd of Harlem goats. And in the shadow of the resplendent drawing-rooms, the tenement poor picnic on the grassy plots in Central Park.

Fifth Avenue awakens sluggishly. First come the window cleaners and brass sign polishers to brighten façades. Then doormen with gold trappings, clerks, *midinettes* and floor-walkers in frock coats.

At nine the almost endless procession of well-fed brokers in limousines bowling their lofty way to Wall Street. Too, the promenade of merchants and professional men. It is their touch of community life—this morning stroll. The same faces, year in and year out, including the pearl-derbied twins — seventy-year-old brothers, alike as two peas, even to scarf pins.

Traffic begins to boil. Ancient Jehus, clinging to the old-fashioned note in a motor-mad age, roam the curbs with brougham, Victoria, barouche and hansom.

Lumbering green buses with circular stairway, pistol dime catchers and hand-holding lovers! Limousines with chauffeurs and footmen in plum-liveried elegance! Stunty, low-slung roadsters of salmon pink and robin's-egg blue.

The star's sedan with a calliope siren. Women puffing cigarets in luxurious ease—and across the Avenue mayhap a straw-hatted farmer from Jersey on a load of hay.

High in the bronze traffic towers sit the silent guardians, blinking their fish-eyed lights, red for warning, green for cross-town traffic and a pale yellow for Avenue right of way. When the flash of red is followed by green there comes a sudden transient desolation. Activity dries up while side street flood-gates are unlocked. Even pedestrians slacken their pace. Just as quickly the hurly-burly is renewed. The Avenue marches on.

Shopping begins at ten. Parisian modistes—born in the Bronx—awe the plump *nouveaux riches* with table d'hôte French. Smart horse-drawn equipages unload the lorgnetted ladies. Great department stores and jewelry shops flaunt their nobility by being signless. As does the London tobacconist who dresses the "clarks" in linen coats and white gloves.

There are crystal perfume shops, haberdashers who blend scarves with complexions, couturiers whose manikins shame Ziegfeld, jewelers who have no display save in plush-lined rooms where detectives watch through peep-holes, coiffure parlors conducted by baronesses—each with free cigarets for the ladies.

Shopping, then luncheon! And gone are the great restaurant names along the Avenue. Delmonico's withered under the grisly obsequy of the auctioneer's hammer. Old Sherry's with windows filled with tubbed cedars is blotted out by a bank. The glorified Childses down near

the Waldorf and up near the Plaza struggle feebly for the remnants of aristocratic café patronage with a battercake juggler for window attraction.

And while shoppers desert the Avenue to lunch, an odd geyser of humanity spouts in the district above the Flatiron Building, where side street lofts are given over to the cloak and suit trade. This section is known as Bolsheviki Boulevard. Hundreds of foreign-born parade the pavements. Full-bosomed girls, thrilling to the new world, walk with young men—stopping at push-carts to buy an ice-cream brick or a roasted potato on a stick.

Stooped old men, whose backs are bent from leaning over whirring machines, stroll together, their hands behind them. Also a few sit in shadowed doorways—puffing at narghiles and reading the Talmud. Newsboys cry the noonday Yiddish extras.

Fifth Avenue street characters offer an assortment as varied as the famous "Cries of London." Lavender Joe with his tray of sweet-smelling sachet. Mumbling Moe incased in six overcoats winter and summer and scanning the paves for pins. The aristocratic silver-haired carriage starter, genuflecting in front of Tiffany's. Theodore of the Ritz who rides to work in a limousine. The armless, sightless beggar who sways and smiles. The scholarly-appearing man with his tray of puppies. The hatless man

in white. The barefoot peddler with Persian prayer-rugs.

Fifth Avenue displays its careless wealth in rows of boarded mansions, occupied only by caretakers, save for the opera season. The rest of the time tenants are away on their peregrinations to Europe, Florida, Newport.

Across from the East Drive of Central Park is "Millionaires' Row"—a somber stretch of million-dollar palaces. Colossal names strew the thoroughfare—Astor, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Huntington, Rockefeller, Whitney and Gould.

Along the bridle path in the Park are fleeting glimpses of caracoling chargers carrying gaily-garbed riders. But always "the poor we have with us"—balloon women, popcorn venders and spindly-legged children from the slums around the corner.

It is at five o'clock, the parade hour, that Fifth Avenue is at its best. From a cross street near where the beautiful Plaza fountains rise and fall comes a coach and four.

Beside the driver on the front box sits a social queen—buxom and glacial. As they approach crossings the trumpeter bugles warning. The Avenue has begun to strut. They come from everywhere—this daily vesperal hour outpouring. Exquisite débutantes, synthetic ladies, exploitative women, and shop girls. Crones who

vie with the ugliness of the St. Thomas frieze of gargoyles. Old men who mumble.

The spirit is that of the drum-major, heightened by a dash of feigned jocularity. It is vanity on a rampage—pride plus. In the windows of exclusive clubs—where babies go on the waiting list at birth—are starched and gouty old men, reclining in valetudinarian ease, twiddling thumbs as the parade goes by.

All the foibles of the style-mad are on display: The woman with a monocle. The woman with a cane. The woman who carries a sleeve dog. The sandaled woman with the white Russian wolfhound. The woman with a thimble pipe. The woman who leads a fox on a silver leash. And the woman from whose muff peeps a chattering marmoset.

Men with cold, rummaging eyes. Men in loose-fitting tweeds. Men with polo mallets. Men with feathers in their hats. Men in silk hats and lacquered shoes. Clerks in spats and carrying swagger-sticks. Magnates in frock coats. Fleshly yogis roaming for conquests. The oddly dressed dandy—perhaps a walking collar ad from Troy. Mimes and mountebanks. Millionaire. Beggar. Thief. A jostling, high-strung throng, teeming with hauteur and fiddle-faddle.

When the parade is over and the home-going thousands have passed, Fifth Avenue becomes strangely quiet, like Wall Street at dusk. The

necklace of amber lights comes on. The army of watchmen eddy from side streets and tap friendly greetings.

Mansion residents come out for dinner and the play. "Buttons" from the fashionable hotels air the prize-winning kiyoodles. Lovers saunter. Pigeons leave the cathedral eaves for the streets. Fifth Avenue, chameleon-like, has become Main Street.

"He has been everywhere and has seen everything."

All Dressed Up and Some Place to Go

THOSE Britishers featuring caps with a duck-bill fore and aft, checkered Norfolk suits and binoculars slung across their shoulders used to be the popular pictorial notion of the world traveler. But not any more!

It is—a roll of the drums, professor—the American these days who sighs for more globes to trot. He has become perfectly at home in London's Strand, along the Shanghai Bund or under the Southern Cross.

Our ancestors crossed the plains in the prairie-schooner and there took root. We became a nation of home-bodies. Even in my time it took a world's fair to blast the average man beyond the limits of his town. He saw the outside world through the stereopticon views when the front parlor was thrown open for company. And regarded the impractical imaginings of Jules Verne as nonsense.

Chic Sale caught the idea in his impersonation of the small-town wise-cracker who boasted of going on three Sunday excursions in a row, as he stood in front of the postoffice flipping back his hair and shooting his cuffs.

Many of us can remember without great

mental strain when it was considered hot to swagger through the town with a conductor's slip stuck in our hatband. That was the yokel stamp of worldliness.

I shall never forget the day Judge Bradshaw left our village to sail to Scotland for a Masonic degree. The whole town paid homage; school was suspended, the bank closed, there were two runaways and in the excitement Cousin Libbie Young toppled from her porch rocker with one of her spells.

Nobody in our town had ever been abroad before and it was such a memorable event that Clark's Silver Cornet Band turned out in kilts and marched to the depot where Pawsey Lawson rendered "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" as a slip-horn solo while the train puffed away.

Time makes changes as you may have heard. Two years ago I dropped into The Smoke Shop back home to inquire for Clint Thivens, head riveter at the boiler works. There was a shaking of heads until someone finally recalled, between pool shots in the back room, that the last heard of him he had reached Baffin Bay on the last lap of a world tour.

Further inquiry revealed Miss Maggie Taylor, aged seventy-one, was summering at Villa d'Avray near Paris, the Holcomb twins were touring Norway and there were kodak snap-

shots in Roedell's window that Oscar Toliver had taken of head-hunters in Borneo.

The old gag about sitting in front of the Café de la Paix and eventually seeing someone you know needs revision. You can visit any obscure spot on the outer rim of the world these days and ten will get you twenty you will bump into somebody from home.

The local boy who used to boast of toiling up the long flight of steps to the top of the Masonic Temple in Chicago can now show you the fiery dot of a spider bite received in faraway Formosa.

An explorer who is forced to put up for the night at a handful of thatched hutches along the dinky Uganda railway is likely to find that his bunkmate will be Otis Ralston, with a big bright lodge button in his lapel. He learns that Otis, despite his corn-fed look, is a prosperous New Yorker with a home in Paris.

The American today who has made the final payment on his car and home wants to go some place, and he is not feverish about a round trip to the G. A. R. convention in Denver either. He swings nonchalantly up the gang-plank for the far-flung corners of the world.

During my formative days in New York about the only folk who went abroad for pleasure jaunts were those whose homes were boarded up in summer. Today it is not unusual

to see the girl who serves you in a tiffin temple prowling about the bazaars of Cairo, or the lad who juggles the batter in the wheat-cake castle windows buying a round for the crowd in a Paris bar.

You may drop into your club lounge with a casual nod for an acquaintance only to learn with embarrassment a little later that he has been on a six-months' yak hunt in Tibet.

And finally if you want to become an eighteen-karat bore just carry around a batch of travel pictures you have snapped of the diving-boys at Barbados, the pigeons in St. Mark's or the flamingos in Havana and try to show them to your friends. They may not knock you from under your hat, but they won't love you any more. For the average American, these travel-mad days, is like the fellow—prepare for one with a beard—recovering from delirium tremens. He has been everywhere and has seen everything.

Soft-Boiled New York

IN NEW YORK, Reuben does not come to town. He lives here. Remove the spats and monocle and behold the apple-knocker.

The specious reasoning of New Yorkers that a silk hat and stiff white shirt make the city slicker is as fallacious as another idea that any place west of Hoboken is Main Street.

Not all the suckers are out on Iowa farms busting sod or fashioning the wise crack in front of the village store. Any number may be found preening themselves before plate glass windows along Fifth Avenue and Times Square.

A voodoo doctor flourishes in the aristocratic core of Park Avenue and an East Indian swami occupies an imposing suite of offices within a stone's throw of the downtown money kings.

The artificial lake in Central Park is owned by the City and fishing is not permitted there. It contains very few fish anyway, but there is a fellow who sells "fishing privileges" to New Yorkers and who makes a comfortable living doing it.

In a Broadway storeroom in the heart of the district where sophistication fairly pirouettes

and the celluloid collar raises the uproarious guffaw, a bucolic-looking gentleman with wide-brimmed hat and bandanna kerchief at his throat is selling stock in a company that "extracts" oil from pebbles.

Around the corner in the Roaring Forties a falcon-eyed street merchant is selling "Montana diamonds, as big as your eye. Step up, boys!" Across from Bryant Park at dusk another hawks the "mysterious package"—a one-cent collar button—for fifteen cents.

If you ask the brown-derbied "pitch men" who sell trifling gimcracks along the curb, they will tell you New York is the biggest sucker town in America—a paradise for those who live by their wits. Easier than county fairs.

It is not the wide-eyed stranger from Sinking Springs who pays ten dollars a seat for a two-dollar musical comedy. Nor is it the stranger who pays a four-dollar *couvert* gouge to occupy a chair in a claw-hammer-and-caviar-jazz mosque.

Café prices in New York are an amazing tribute to native yokelry. The man about town and the "fellow in the know" are the debonair lads who never complain at the two-dollar charge for a fifteen-cent bottle of table water—corkage extra.

The capricious cuties who live by their ability to find the "live one" do not angle for visiting Babbitts. They know the easy marks and they

flush them out of the man-made niches in Manhattan cliffs.

The longer one lives in the mightiest of cities the more one realizes all the pockets are not picked at the expense of the bumpkins who stand agape at the wonders of the Aquarium or the Bronx zoo.

Not by a jugful!

Mammoth hotels have their cafeterias, apart from main dining-rooms but in the same buildings, where identically the same food is served at almost half the price.

These cafeterias are patronized exclusively by visitors. New Yorkers would never think of going there. No siree! The help might see them.

A la-de-dah soda fountain on Fifth Avenue that charges forty cents for a glass of soda water does not even offer comfortable surroundings. There are no chairs, and clerks, skilled in impudence, greet the visitors. But try to get up to the counter. Just try, anyway, during a rush. It serves no better soda and certainly offers less comfort, than the fifteen-cent places. Still, Mrs. Vanastor was seen there once.

Mental tinkerers who juggle with the complexes are right in saying New York is swayed by the "herd instinct."

If just a few beat the trail to an unknown door, the rest will follow blindly on the gallop. No matter whether the trail leads to a gypping

café or a signless shop where clerks drop their *h*'s.

There is no place where the herd instinct is so pronounced as in a New York dansant. The smallest places are invariably packed. They may be in an innocent-looking East Side residence or a Greenwich Village cellar. No matter where—the postage-stamp dance floors are jammed to suffocation

There is scarcely room for the policeman or revenue agent any more. Yet the "great open spaces" of the big dance halls where one may dance in comfort are almost ghostly in their emptiness.

When a dance place begins to lose popularity, the shrewd proprietor knows how to steam up business again. He redecorates, boosts his prices, and the sheep come tumbling back.

The smug New Yorker is amusing in his obeisance to swank, and swank to him is sky-high prices. The man who pays $100 for an opening night seat to the Follies has something to talk about—a high spot to which he may refer. He has taken on a brisk new importance.

One of the highest-priced tailors in town offers clothes that are made by the same cutters and fitters that supply a Grand Street tailor's patrons at less than half the price. The only difference is that the Grand Street place is one flight up and the Fifth Avenue shop is called a "salon."

A "salon" is somewhat like a solo on a bull fiddle. It may sound impressive but does not mean a thing.

Where save in New York would a long-suffering populace stand for the hat-snatching brigands and impertinent ruffians who remove imaginary bits of dust in wash rooms? Business of pausing for reply!

In other cities and communities a dime is a sizable fee for this somewhat annoying imposition. Yet in New York the dime brings the lip-curling sneer and the whispered epithet.

The head waiter at best is a glorified serf, but New Yorkers fairly grovel in his presence. He becomes the Tsar of the silken entrance ropes, and New Yorkers, aching for his austere bow of recognition, will gladly ease the itching palm with a yellowback note—from a twenty spot to a century.

It is not the out-of-towner who curries favor with the head waiter and elevates him to the niche of grandeur wherein he rides to his work from his up-the-Hudson castle in a limousine. It is the New Yorker freighted with his metropolitan air of worldliness. He is the same New Yorker who smiles superiorly when the village oaf is trapped for a dollar and a half in a circus shell-game.

Nearly all the spurious paintings of the Old Masters are sold on Manhattan Island. Painted perhaps by some attic starveling for the price

of a few filling meals, they are taken to Europe, brought back with a fanfare of press agency and then sold for thousands. And this is not your cheap flimflam game but one in which millions are exacted every year.

The biggest wire-tapping fraud ever perpetrated in America had as its victims four native New Yorkers who were so gullible they mortgaged mansions to bet on the most ancient of con games—the fixed horse-race.

Then there are the ocean greyhounds who travel on transatlantic liners to fleece the credulous at cards. Here are men adept at picking the "sucker." They play with him as skilfully as the best of fishermen, and then at the psychological moment—the hook.

There is no record of an ocean greyhound ever singling out a tourist from Hickory Corners. The cosmopolite is his meat.

Slim Doran, one of the shrewdest of confidence men, after years of rich pickings in Gotham decided he wanted new worlds to conquer. He would go out in the brush and scare up his victims. He had that polished way of his vaselined world of Broadway. He knew how to order from French menus, to have the wine at the proper temperature and wear clothes like a Beau Brummell.

Slim met his Waterloo at Omaha—the first stop out. He left there in two days for the East,

riding the rods of a baggage coach—plucked clean.

Fortune-tellers and crystal-gazers reap their biggest rewards in million-footed Manhattan. An illiterate woman who professes to foretell the future by gazing into coffee grounds owns a block of apartment houses in Jersey. And Oom the Omnipotent had the cream of the Social Register under his mystic sway.

Snake-doctors still beat the tom-tom on Fourteenth Street, and Columbus Circle has its gold brick artists.

The crudest sort of "yokel yanking" in New York is done by the itinerant fur salesmen. They dress as truckmen and stand in shadowed doorways after nightfall. By whispered implications they give the idea their furs have been stolen from trucks.

In this way they palm off five-dollar furs for thirty dollars. So tremendous has this graft grown that there is an organized central exchange on Canal Street from which men are sent out and which employs several hundred pseudo-salesmen. Always their victim is the New Yorker—the wise-cracking slicker.

There is a record of two New Yorkers, "purchasing" Brooklyn Bridge, and one trusting soul invested all his cash for a first payment down on the Woolworth Building.

So it goes. Beggars ride in limousines and live in swell hotels. Fake lords, dukes and counts

crash through the social cordon with nothing save an engraved calling card with a faked family crest. Millionaires are hooked by vapid chorus girls, and Wall Street yearly cries its warning against the "bucket-shop."

This is hard-boiled New York. In truth, as soft as soap; impressionable as modeler's clay. It is "Jaytown-on-the-Hudson."

What My Dog Taught Me

Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your hearts to a dog to tear!

SO WROTE Kipling in an excellent elegiac. I happen to be a dog lover who does not believe in that warning. Eight of the happiest years of my life were spent in the almost constant companionship of a devoted dog.

When he was taken from me, cruelly but with merciful swiftness, it was a terrific heart-wrench. For two days I grieved inconsolably. For weeks I walked the streets at night, trying to get hold of myself.

Yet now, when Time has dulled the pain, I can truthfully say that the joy and understanding my dog brought into my life more than compensated for the sorrow of his passing. For my dog taught me many things as enduring as the ages. Outside of the Divine relationship and the human, I know of no influence so ennobling as our relationship with a dog.

My dog's name was Junior. He was a Boston bulldog, weighing twenty-four pounds, with a blazed muzzle, white collar, and feet tipped with white. His coat was the glossy brown of

an autumn leaf. He had a lovable lop ear that perked with quizzical abandon. He was full of joyous life and never outgrew his prankishness.

I picked him up in a Fifth Avenue dog shop in much the same manner that one buys a trinket. I thought he was "cute-looking." He was then four weeks old and trotted sideways with mock seriousness. I took him home in my overcoat pocket.

From that day on, for eight years, he played a big part in my life. He came to understand me better than most of my human associates did. He knew his time for play and my time for work. He did not trespass.

For six years he never varied five minutes, at the stroke of five o'clock in the evening, in coming to me with his rubber ball in his mouth, squatting at my feet, tail wagging, and whining softly. That was his hour for a romp. He demanded his hour.

One of my great faults had always been a lack of punctuality. I was distressingly derelict in keeping appointments, and this had strained many of my friendships—but I was always on the dot to keep the romping appointment with Junior! One day I got to thinking about this, and the result was that I became more careful, when it came to punctuality. Surely I should show humans as much consideration as I showed my dog.

During the war I taught Junior a rather

simple trick that always elicited wonder. He would sit in a chair and I would break off bits of bread, which I handed to him. I would say, "This is from King Albert!" He would gulp it down. "This is from President Wilson!" And so I would go on, perhaps naming those who were watching him at the time. He would gulp down every morsel. But when I said in exactly the same tone, "This is from the Kaiser!" he would turn his head away and refuse to eat it. The explanation was that I had taught him to interpret the word "Kaiser" as having the same meaning as "Don't."

There was a German waiter at my hotel who, having heard of this trick, resented it very much. And one day, as I was going out of the hotel, Junior being quite a bit ahead of me, this waiter kicked at him. I rushed up with vigorous remonstrance. To my surprise Junior growled his disapproval of *me!* He could not bear enmity. He loved every man, woman, and child.

The waiter offered an abject apology and became one of the dog's best friends. He even wrote me a letter of sympathy when Junior passed on.

For several years, Junior and his mistress and I used to walk around the gravel path of the Central Park reservoir in New York at dusk, after his romp. At such times I would permit him to frolic and roll in the grass, un-

leashed and unmuzzled. He loved to scamper after pigeons and other birds, but would come back when I called him.

One evening, however, he disappeared in a clump of bushes and refused to come out at my call and whistles. I followed him, and found him squatting beside a stray dog that had been injured by a passing automobile. We called the Bide-a-Wee Home, and the hurt creature was removed to it. Here he at length recovered and later a good home was found for him.

As we continued our walk that evening Junior soon forgot the incident, but as for me I had some moments of serious introspection. How often, I asked myself, had *I* stopped along the roadside to comfort the stricken and forlorn?

We did not continue the walk home just then. Instead, we left the perfumed purlieus of Millionaires' Row, wandered over to the squalid section of New York's East Side, and mounted the rickety stairs of a crowded tenement. There we sat at the bedside of an old cobbler who had lived in our neighborhood, but who had been stricken with a fatal illness. We paid his small rent, had some food sent to him, and were occasional visitors until the end.

I can honestly say that the visit we made that night helped me to find a new meaning in existence. It is true that it came from a twinge of conscience at a rather selfish life, and was

inspired by a dog. But I rejoice, just the same. I do not do so much of that sort of thing as I should, but the credit for what little I have done is due to Junior.

With one exception, this dog of mine had perfect manners; no matter who came to our door, he would rush at them and bark. It was the only thing for which he was ever given a whipping or a scolding. Yet he would not quit it.

There was much annoyance about this, for some strangers were badly frightened. The truth is that it was Junior's way of expressing his pleasure, his happy greeting and welcome. He refused, no matter what the odds, to curb his enthusiasm over the prospect of making a new friend. And no one ever left him without being his friend.

He was a remarkably healthy dog. He had none of the sicknesses of puppyhood—distemper and the like. I believed this was due to our care of him. He was fed twice a day, at noon and at midnight. We always kept him just a little bit hungry. Most of his food consisted of prepared puppy biscuits, with now and then a variation of chopped vegetables. Potatoes and sweets were denied him. He was exercised regularly and often.

His only illness displayed the heroic courage that characterized him until his death. One evening his mistress and I came home after the

theater, and when we opened the door we missed his welcoming rush and bark.

We found him lying on the floor of the bathroom in a pool of blood. When I bent over him there was a feeble thump of his tail, as much as to say, "Don't worry!" His eyes were glazing and I knew he was in a desperate state. We worked over him several hours, and finally, in a wobbly manner, he stood up, walked unsteadily to the bedroom and picked up his play ball, as if to say, "See, I'm all right!" In a half-hour he had another hemorrhage. With uncanny instinct, he rushed into the tile bathroom, so as not to injure the carpet! Fortunately, he recovered quickly from his attack, and in two days seemed as well as ever.

Dogs are unerring in reflecting the characters of their master and mistress. To Junior I represented the play spirit—the romp and flapdoodle. He was somewhat of a roughneck in his relations with me. But with his mistress he was always gentle and careful.

One of the important lessons Junior taught me was to have more faith in my fellow beings. I had for years knocked about as a newspaper reporter and had acquired that veneer of cynicism that is typical of the craft. I had a rather "smart-Alecky" attitude of "having to be shown."

Now, I am the average human being—as likely to err as the rest. But I found that with

Junior, *because of his implicit faith in me,* I never attempted trickery! I could not bear to abuse that rare confidence. And this set me to thinking that if we humans displayed the same faith in our fellows we should be less likely to have that confidence abused.

It was along about this time that a rather important matter came up in my business life. I had a decided distrust of a certain man who was associated with me in this deal. So I determined to adopt Junior's attitude of implicit faith. I carried out the determination and, although I have heard many stories of that man's unfair dealings with others, he played absolutely square with *me* in every way.

Here is one incident which I hesitate to tell. More than likely it was the merest coincidence —but it is set down here just as it happened: Junior accompanied me one summer to my little home town in Missouri, and together we went one afternoon to the cemetery to visit the grave of my mother.

It had been a number of years since I had been there, and the place had become so strange to me that I wandered around for a half-hour or so in an effort to find the grave. Finally I gave it up as hopeless. Looking around for Junior, I saw him lying down about one hundred yards away. He didn't seem inclined to come to me, so I went to him. And I found

that he was resting at the side of my mother's grave!

I told this to a Frenchman one day in Paris after the war.

"My friend," he said, "that is not unusual. When my boy went to war, a neighbor's son—who was also leaving for the front—left his dog with us, as his parents were moving to another village. My son was killed, was buried hastily near Ypres. The dog did not know him except as a passing neighbor. After the war was ended, I went to Ypres to look for my son's grave, and the dog went with me. I searched for a long time—in vain. Meanwhile the dog had disappeared. When I found him again, he was standing beside the cross that marked my son's grave."

Junior was quite a traveler for a dog. He enjoyed traveling in the baggage car, for he always made friends with mail clerks and baggagemen. He loved new acquaintances. Returning one time from California, he happened to fall in with a Santa Fé baggageman with whom, on another occasion, he had made a trip from Chicago to Kansas City. He recognized the man at once and barked his joyous greeting. At first, he had plenty of room in the car, but at Albuquerque, they took on two coffins, and Junior was forced to occupy a small space high up on a trunk.

Before the coffins were put on that train, he

had welcomed everyone to the baggage coach. But late that night, after we had passed Albuquerque, the Pullman conductor roused me and said that the dog was showing signs of viciousness. He would not let the baggagemen or other trainmen pass the grilled compartment where the baggage was kept. He even growled at me when I went to see what the trouble was. At the time, I didn't even pretend to understand it, nor do I now. Possibly his uncomfortable position had irritated him beyond endurance, but an old engineer, who had strolled back to see about the delay in moving the baggage, said:

"He's guardin' them bodies. Dogs will do that!"

This may have been a mere conjecture, but the coffins were removed in Kansas, and after that the dog was frisky as ever all the way to Chicago.

During Junior's puppy days I was living at a family hotel on Central Park West, New York City. A jovial policeman, known as "Big John," was the traffic guard at the Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park. He and Junior became fast friends, and often, at John's solicitation, the dog would sit beside him as he guided the flow of traffic.

After we moved to another part of the town there was a lapse of five years in which Junior did not see Big John. Then one night I hap-

pened to be calling on a friend on Riverside Drive, and upon leaving his place I had to walk several blocks to find a taxicab. As I was passing a corner, Junior began tugging at the leash and whining his pleasure over something. It was dark, and I thought perhaps he had scented a dog on the opposite side of the Drive. I pulled him along and scolded him, but he kept looking back and pulling at his leash.

Finally I decided to find out what the matter was, so I permitted him to guide me. He went straight to the center of the street and began jumping up on a man who was standing there. It was his old friend Big John, the policeman.

It is through Junior's teaching that I make it a point to keep in touch with old and valued friends. In a big city like New York we are likely to lose track of them, even though it isn't much trouble to give them a ring on the telephone now and then, or to drop them a line of greeting.

I have said that Junior liked everyone. That is not strictly true. But in his many years of meeting hundreds of people there was only one exception.

In the neighborhood of Grand Central Station I used to go to one of those rather gaudy shops filled with nuts, bonbons, bright-jacketed books, magazines, and souvenirs. The proprietor was a Turk. He wore a fez while on duty, and I never entered the store that the hair

did not rise on Junior's back. Several times the Turk would attempt to pat him, but Junior would utter a low, menacing growl. I assumed that it was because of the man's foreign appearance, or perhaps it was the red cap he wore. It finally caused me so much embarrassment that I stopped going to that store.

This all happened several years ago. Then about three months before Junior went where good dogs go, I picked up a New York newspaper. On an inside page was an article headed thus:

S. P. C. A. CAUSES ARREST OF TURK FOR CRUELTY TO DOGS

The article went on to relate that the proprietor of this same souvenir shop that I had visited, and where Junior showed such displeasure, had been arrested at his home in Grand Street for whipping a dog with a whip that had a leaden slug as a tip!

It is indeed a typical dog trait to sense the ignoble. Dogs have an uncanny instinct about such things. They scent character.

There was a pretty little girl cousin of mine whom Junior loved with that unswerving fidelity that was his. She helped to take care of him, and together they had many happy walks. She came to see him at a certain hour every day. And it mattered not who was in the house or

what attraction was offered, when the time came for his little friend to arrive, Junior was at the front door, his head pillowed between his paws—watching and waiting for Josephine.

I know it would be ridiculous to say that dogs know time, but I do know they sense it. I am a late sleeper. So was Junior, all his life. But at eleven o'clock each morning, he was up on my bed, gently licking my hand. I have been awakened by him scores of times, in this fashion and almost invariably have found it to be just eleven o'clock.

After he had awakened me, he would lie down at the foot of the bed, waiting for my slightest move, so that he could jump up and get his rubber ball—for Junior had a romp both morning and evening.

I can recall only once that Junior did not insist upon his romp. It had been for me a particularly trying day. I had been notified of a money loss through my mistaken trust in a friend, and on top of that had come one of the most grievous disappointments I had ever suffered. There appeared to me to be no silver lining to the cloud. I groped about all day in a fog of mental miasma. At four o'clock came the news of the death of a close friend.

That was the final straw. I went into my bedroom, lay down on the bed, and wept. About half an hour later I went to my typewriter to do some work that had to be done.

When it came five o'clock, the usual hour for Junior to rub his nose against my hand as the signal to romp, he remained quietly at my feet. Now and then, he looked up at me with a quizzical expression, but he did not move from his place. Finally, feeling a bit guilty, I got his ball and started to toss it for him. Junior made a few half-hearted starts—then he came back and lay down at my feet. He knew I was in no mood for play.

If that was not a supreme lesson in consideration for others I don't know what is.

I come to the final chapter of Junior's life with tears that are shed unashamed. As I have said, he was my constant companion for eight happy years. My longest absence from him was when I was in Europe, where the quarantine regulations are so strict that it is quite unfair and selfish to take a dog there.

Junior, like all good dogs, was faithful to the end. He died obeying my command—which made his loss all the more tragic to me.

I left him after his evening romp and was away until shortly after midnight. Upon my return his greeting was, it seemed to me, especially joyous. It was so joyous, in fact, that it indirectly led to his death. Shortly before I arrived, a servant had taken him out for a walk. But he was so glad to see me and he loved so to go out late at night without a muzzle or a leash on that I humored him, and we went

out again, together. At that hour there was very little traffic on Fifth Avenue, and Junior ran far ahead of me. He had been trained to wait at curbings when unleashed, until he received the command "Go," then he would race across the street like a flash.

At the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue I stepped to the curb, looked both ways for signs of traffic and, seeing none, shouted *"Go!"*

Junior was off at a bound. At that instant, a party of reckless joy-riders in a heavy touring car swung madly around the corner, and both wheels on one side passed over his body. There was a jeer of derision as the car shot northward —the tail lights gleaming red in the night.

Junior staggered to his feet, and as I lifted him in my arms he looked up with his soft pleading eyes, begging for the help I could not give. Hailing a taxicab, I hurried to my hotel, a few blocks away. But before I reached there, he had died—without even a whimper of pain.

He lies buried today in the picturesque little dog cemetery on the sloping hills of Hartsdale, New York.

Above him are the green grass, the whispering trees, and a stone carved with this inscription:

Junior—Faithful to the end!

The Paris of My Dreams

THERE is a delightful comic opera clatter and bang to a Paris morning. It arises from sleep with song as naturally as the pine springs to the sun.

Down in the hallway the concierge is opening and slamming doors. His wife trills over the morning skillet. The butcher boy's dog yips a joyous greeting.

In the narrow back streets the huckster is tooting his raucous roundelay.

Around the corner a group of singing students are on their way to onion soup—the last lap of a night of revelry. A gendarme steps out from shelter, plucks his silken mustache, gives a hitch to his shoulder cape, shrugs and turns away.

Early workers are singing and whistling on their way. From the boulevards, acrawl with kitten-power taxis, comes the incessant squeak of horns. Paris is awake.

Old men with their market baskets gesticulate wildly on the sidewalk. Parks ring with childish shouts. Tourists swarm about the boulevard tables. Little shops ripple with morning

trade. A nightmare of materialism—radiant, effervescing. Paree! Paree!

Along the Boulevard des Capucines amid the delirium of the noontime rush, traffic clotted. A black hearse with an oval mirror halted at the curb.

Detaching herself from the crowd, a laughing *midinette,* carrying her showy milliner's box, moved up to the mirror, powdered her cheeks, brightened her lips and swept onward.

She is the spirit of Paris. Blithe, vain and smiling at the shadows.

Paris is hiding its scars. Torn, ravaged, it still laughs and loves with the lightness of its champagne foam.

It may be as fickle as the smiles of its courtesans, but I tell you it is the ideal spot to play, the hole in the garden wall where one may hide one's grief.

More than ever is it pitching its gaiety to the highest tempo, caring not for the day or hour but only for the moment.

Purple pasts fade spotlessly white in the eternal present. The ear is not attuned to gossip.

What matter if the lady in an international marriage was once "registered" at the Café de Paris?

That is a matter that Paris applauds.

The worldly adventuress runs her gamut of liaisons and settles down at a peaceful villa in

wedded respectability. And not a tongue wags.

The rich dowager takes her foppish *amant* to tea at the Ritz, openly pays the check and at night sits with her husband at the opera in a halo of domestic bliss.

In a castle along the Bois lives the demi-mondaine. She has unlimited credit at the smartest shops and lolls in the perfumed languor of her especially built motor. Head waiters bestow their lowest bow.

And that is why Paris, despite its terraced loveliness, architectural grandeur, spacious parks and ribbon-smooth boulevards, smacks of a certain ugliness.

Contrast tumbles breathlessly upon contrast in this amazing Paris. It teems with lights and shadows.

In twenty minutes by motor one may be whisked from a den of throat-slitting Apaches to some tiny village, like a Callot engraving, with hens pecking and cocks crowing before the doors.

There are scarred inns with creaking sign-boards swinging in the wind and little farms with dovecotes, barns and sheepfold. And at the turn in the road frightful shell-holes epitomizing the German fury.

One motors up to the breath-taking beauty of the palace gates at Versailles to learn that yesterday 10,000 curious stood all night in a

drizzling rain to see a Bluebeard's head drop in a basket.

The Rue de la Paix, that short strip of fashion center, crackles with light and beauty. A few steps away one turns into the Rue de Rivoli to behold a frightful figure at a sidewalk table. He has long matted hair and beard and snips silhouettes with a deformed hand that has but two fingers. And his venerable body is swathed in crêpe.

In mid-afternoon, when the sun-dappled Champs Élysées is gayest with strollers, the chattering crowds sweep up to the arch, suddenly hush and tiptoe away. The specter is there—the freshly kept grave of the unknown soldier.

Even in that magic hour when the Champs is at its best with the parade of fashion, the blare of bands, the gaily caparisoned broughams flashing by, there is the feeling that it is only tinsel that hides a bleeding heart—a brooding tragedy wearing the mask of the mime.

I asked a Frenchman about this.

"What you sense, my friend," he said, "is that no matter how gay our people are, far off they hear the faint rattle of musketry."

Swinging from the shadows to the lights—from tragedy to jazz.

At four in the afternoon when sleepy-eyed Montmartre awakens to slink to the cafés for bracers, the fun begins. Every café is featur-

ing jazz. Paul Whiteman is cheered along the streets.

The darky who can syncopate is a figure. In his off moments he occupies choice tables in the best cafés. He promenades the boulevards with ravishingly beautiful Parisian belles.

France is quite fascinated by the American negro. His stock soared higher when a negroid-featured Senegalese battered Gorgeous Georges almost beyond repair. The boulevards ring with *"Vive le* Siki!"

It is typical of the French to seize every opportunity to idolize. It helps them forget.

An American negro from Birmingham who sells newspapers in the Place de l'Opéra wears a silk hat, white spats and carries a cane.

"Hot diggedy dog!" he exclaimed. "This town is sholy the cat's vest. Colored folks is quality."

At the American bar, Tommy Lyman, who sang in the back room of Kelly's on Houston Street, was a season sensation. His name went up in electric lights a few steps from the fashionable Rue de la Paix.

Paris *elegantes* flocked to hear a pale-faced youth with wistful voice sing of Kansas City Kitty and Montmartre Rose. A blond coon shouter reigns at the Acacia. So it goes.

The Montmartre café life is a cross-section lifted from old Broadway—the same faces, the

same settings. Only at sunrise do the doors of night close.

Paris "wickedness' is staged like that of New York's Chinatown for the wide-eyed yap-wagon riders. The real vices of Paris are gilded and are not for the bourgeoisie.

No visitor can withstand the supreme beauty of a Paris night—the perfumed loveliness of the Tuileries, the etching of Eiffel Tower against the plush of night, the shadowy dignity of the Bois and that oddly mysterious hush that comes to the streets.

When the faint flush of morning is hung in Paris skies, there comes the rhythmic throb of hoofbeats like the rise and fall of a fountain.

Toward the market moves the age-old cavalcade of creaking carts, piled high with carrots, cabbages and cauliflower—the peasant drivers nodding on their perches.

From the Tuileries Gardens a plumed bird circles low and with a glad cry wings upward toward the dawn.

Again, the delightful clatter and bang.

Paris is awakened to another glorious day.

Tin Pan Alley

WESTWARD from Broadway in Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets is Tin Pan Alley—America's Bingo-Bango Land.

Here the decaying brownstone fronts of an older New York are honeycombed with box-like stalls, and in these stuffy stalls ebullient, perspiring and coatless young men fashion the nation's popular tunes.

Tin Pan Alley has the feverish energy of the "hell-roaring" gold camp. It races along like a mill stream. The strident jangle of a hundred pianos rises above the street din. Like its raggy-gay creations, life in Tin Pan Alley is pitched in a high and furious tempo.

In the "Alley," Youth is king! Most of the present crop of lyricists and composers are of the Jewish faith. Generally speaking, it is a sophisticated crew given to pomades, belted coats and the sartorial flippancies of the "street that whips the universe"—Broadway.

Irving Berlin, the dean, is only in his early thirties. He began his career pounding a tiny piano for pitched nickels in Nigger Mike Salter's sawdust-coated emporium in Chinatown.

From this obscurity "Little Izzy," as Chinatown knew him, has become the master syncopater of his day. A million-dollar theater bears his name.

He typifies the romance of popular song writing. Born in Russia, this frail young man with dreaming, sad eyes has gathered a fortune composing tintinnabulations for a jazz-mad age.

Tortured by insomnia, he is rarely seen in public, and when he is he moves about like Banquo's ghost, lost in reverie.

There is little flubdubbery among the "ivory benders." They have no illusions about their art nor do they claim membership in the intel ligentsia. Any number of them have never had a music lesson, and the harmonies that drip from their busy fingers are often inspired, they confess, by the old masters and jazzed up in the syncopating style of the period. Plagiarism is not in the Tin Pan Alley lexicon.

Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt have done their bit for the Alley. The deathless opus of the master may become a dreamy, peachy banality in the Tin Pan Alley adaptation.

One of the most accomplished composers of jazz-stratagems picks out his tunes on a zither. Another is able to play only the harmonica. Earl Carroll plays the piano with one finger. Dave Stamper learned to play by ear while "slinging beer" at Coney Island.

Gene Buck, the most successful of lyricists, began his career in Tin Pan Alley drawing water-color pictures for song title pages. Bud De Silva was a theater usher. George Gershwin, a salesman; Ballard MacDonald, a clerk.

Tin Pan Alley has no potential Paderewski. Song writing is no longer art but a highly sensitized commercial venture. 'Tis said everyone at some time or other has a fling at song writing. Many are called but few are chosen. It is well-nigh impossible for the outsider to crash into the charmed circle.

In all America only about two hundred stand out in their profession. The greater number of these are attached to composing staffs of music publishing houses or are retained by musical show producers. The average income is around $20,000 a year. Not more than ten song writers have had huge financial returns.

The modern song writer is more of a psychologist than a musician. He knows a few tricks such as making "moon" rhyme with "spoon," but his chief asset is an understanding of the caprices of the musical taste.

When mammy songs give way to mummy songs to hail King Tut, he must be ready with an Egyptian theme. The rest is easy. Almost any song can be put over by Tin Pan Alley's battery of song pluggers. Written in the Alley,

they are popularized in the cabaret and on the stage. Such finished troubadours as Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor can make a nation sing and whistle the most piffling twaddle.

Tin Pan Alley is far removed from the days when "wonderful boy sopranos" and "America's favorite baritones" sang "The Picture That Is Turned to the Wall" and "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" with strolling minstrels.

Lillian Russell's "Evening Star," Fay Templeton's "Blushing Rose," Pete Dailey's "Dinah!" and Fritz Williams' "Pullman Porters' Ball" were popular, but the phonograph was not, and the most obscure song of the season today will make more money than any one of them did.

The blind musician who wrote "The Sidewalks of New York" made less than $100. The song today, with the same popularity backed by the Alley's dynamic selling power, would make a half-million. Paul Whiteman's estimable jazz band, playing it a week at the Palais Royal, would result in a sale of one hundred thousand copies.

America's youngest song writer, little Betty Gulick, of Brooklyn, aged ten, made $10,000 this year with a song that had lyrics about a mother singing her child to sleep.

In the beginning the popular song had to

have one of two qualities—the exotic and romantic, or the sentimental.

Charles K. Harris wrote "After the Ball" and made Tin Pan Alley's first fortune. Came such songs as "Good-by Dolly Gray," "Break the News to Mother" and "In the Baggage Coach Ahead." America was in a sentimental snivel after the reign of such senseless hyperbole as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

It thrilled to the tawdry sentimentality of "The Curse of an Aching Heart" and "My Mother Was a Lady."

It is quite easy to imagine that such songs would fall short of the mark today. Again the public's capricious taste; for only two years ago a song called "They Needed a Songbird in Heaven—So God Took Caruso Away" had a wide sale.

Then the love theme gained ascendancy. Albert Von Tilzer wrote "Take Me Out to the Ball Game!" and garnered $50,000. "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" swept the country, and every lovesick Romeo played them on his mandolin under "her" window at night.

Next came ragtime. It was simple in structure and composed in part from negro melodies. The most sensational ragtime hit was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," written by Irving Berlin. It made him nearly a half-million dollars. Perhaps Berlin's most ambitious effort

was "When I Lost You!" written in his hour of almost inconsolable grief for the death of his young bride.

Berlin tells me that in his opinion the best ragtime song ever written was "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," the work of the late Louis Muir. It is Berlin's favorite tune and was indeed the pioneer of our present two-four syncopated melodies.

The next period was that of the song which had a double meaning. It began with "I Love My Wife, But Oh! You Kid!" Others of the period included "My Wife's Gone to the Country. Hooray! Hooray!" "Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle Went Away?" "Who Are You With Tonight?" (incidentally, it was not written "Whom"), "Billy" and "Experience," and others of that type.

These songs were of an audacious mold with salacious implications, and to the credit of Tin Pan Alley were stopped by its organization—the Song Writers' Association.

Just now America is in the throes of a senseless song era. It is music on a bust. They say it with music—the words don't count.

Two members of a jazz band at Murray's old restaurant composed "Yes, We Have No Bananas!"—a slang phrase popularized by Tad, the cartoonist—and it swept the country like wildfire, making a fortune. The first roy-

alty split of this meaningless ditty was $60,000. To this will be added the one hundred thousand phonograph record sales. The publisher was doubtful of the song winning its way. So much so indeed that he organized an auxiliary company so that the stigma of failure would not be his.

The composers, Frank Silver and Irving Cohn, popped into world-wide fame overnight. It is such instances as this that make Tin Pan Alley a modern El Dorado.

Von Tilzer's nut song "Oh, by Jingo!" has sold more than two million copies. Sophie Tucker, singing "Tut, Tut, Tut" and "He May Be Your Man but He Comes to See Me Sometimes," has caused them to reach a high mark. The "sweetie" songs had a big rage.

These are inane tunes filled with pure rum-tum-tiddy. They followed the war period, the quick, revolutionizing changes, and have furnished an emotional outlet for the desire to forget a world wet with blood and tears.

The masters of Tin Pan Alley will tell you that they merely follow the public taste. Once they tried to plug the dripping sentiment with irony and produced this classic:

Then to him these proud words this girl
did say:
Farewell, villain, go your way,
For I can no longer stay,

Though you may be a marquis or a earl
You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demi-tasses,
But Heaven Will Protect the Working
Girl!

The public rebelled. As Tin Pan Alley says, "It cried for its hokum!" And that is what it gets.

Bravo, the Bull!

I JOURNEYED down to old Mexico for a brief respite from the Manhattan razzle-dazzle —cafés, bright lights, theaters, jostling throngs and the glitter of an artificial age.

I saw magnificent country unchanged by men and politics. I saw vivid market scenes, floating gardens, tiled fountains, volcanoes capped by eternal snows, curious convents, musty monasteries and cathedrals, pale-faced Indians gliding by in canoes, ox-carts, picturesque peons, sunlit corners of a world in crises of loveliness, stately domes and battered walls against a background of a wonderful civilization.

And then in Mexico City I saw a bull-fight. It was Sunday afternoon. The sun was dappling the streets through the beautiful cypresses of the Paseo. The avenues and cross streets leading to the big El Toreo circle were filled with laughing merrymakers—peons and plutocrats. A carnival spirit at high pitch. Threatening rain-clouds had dwindled. The fight would go on.

Acres of fine limousines and jitneys were parked near El Toreo. Sandaled, footsore

peons had dog-trotted across mountains to be in at the kill. Armies of ragged beggars drooped outside the gates whining for *centavos*. It was the most colorful scene I ever beheld.

Inside the first gates that enclosed the big amphitheater was a medley of noise—here a matador and there a picador surrounded by fawning men and women. Sprinkled about were tiny stands of vendors of hot peppers, tortillas, frijoles, tamales and a score of other dishes peculiar to the Mexican palate.

My seat was at the arena rail on the shady side—a privileged place. The sunny side is two-thirds cheaper. The arena is an amazingly small circle compared to our American baseball and football fields. Five tiers of shrieking humanity awaited the first bugle note.

There were dark-eyed señoritas with their sleek beaus, young men, old men, mothers with babes at their breasts, boys and girls. It was a restless, milling throng—taut with expectancy.

Across the arena floated the bugle notes. A hush for the grand opening parade. A sort of major-general on a prancing stallion led, followed by cape men with their cruel spikes or banderillas. Then the picadors with lances riding their pathetic mounts—faithful old cab horses unsuspecting the torture awaiting them. Behind them the two matadors, and drawing

up the rear the three-mule team to drag the tortured bulls and horses away.

Bands played. A deafening roar of shouts. The march up to the stand where the major-general asks official permission for the fight. The arena clears. Picadors, with the blindfolded eyes of their mounts toward the bull took their places. So did the cape men and the matadors.

The matadors were Gaona and Montes. Gaona, the pride of Mexico, for whom saloons, brothels, hats and cigars are named! Gaona, wearing a striking costume of black jet over vivid green silks, gold-braided vest and pink stockings. Gaona, a millionaire! Montes, who came across from Spain, an alert and emotional fellow, clad in the style of the Hispanic peninsula—heavy golden braid and royal purple. They tossed their gorgeous capes to favored señoritas at the arena rail. They smiled behind ashen masks.

Another sharp bugle-call. Another hush. Gates to the bull-pen opened with a lightning flash. A breathless pause wherein one could hear the drop of a pin. Out charged the bull—a big, black and magnificent animal with a single banderilla, carrying the colors of his breeding farm, pinioned in his shoulder. A tiny rivulet of red trickled down.

He drew up short in the middle of the arena. Hated red capes were flaunting all about. The

sharp pain in his shoulder increased. Picadors were ready on their blinded horses with long lances poised. Ready, too, were the cape men with banderillas and paper darts and the matadors with razor-edged swords.

Foaming with pain and man-incited rage, the big bull shook his head in bewilderment. He had just come that day from peaceful pasturage to a roaring pit of torture.

Then began that soft, pathetic pawing to warn his adversary of a charge. The bull does not rush without warning. He charged. A banderillero or cape man with his darts decorated with colors awaited, jumped to one side by an eyelash and deftly placed the darts in the bull's shoulder—making a bouquet of torture. The darts must pierce at the same instant and at a certain distance apart to win applause.

The bull turned in increasing amazement. His big bloodshot eyes seemed filled with wonder. What had he done to man? Now and then he looked about as though to escape from an uneven battle. Against the arena rail stood a blindfolded horse, carrying a picador. The horse was gently swishing his tail—too old and too work-worn to be even mindful of the din.

The bull charged the old work horse, lifted him on his horns and with a ripping sidewise movement let him fall to the ground disemboweled. Thus had the bull received the "blood

smell" at the most cruel sacrifice imagined. Up went the shouts of approval.

More spikes were sunk into the bull's raw and bleeding shoulders. He swayed dizzily with pain. Then gently he pawed and charged, each time receiving more darts and spikes—made top-heavy to gore him deeper at every move. Blood spurted. Pain in the most sensitive part of the body became unbearable.

A fire dart was used—a dart to pierce the flesh and explode. The pungent smell of searing flesh assailed nostrils of an audience now changed to a howling, bloodthirsty mob.

There were cries for more picador mounts for slaughter. Four ancient nags are allotted each bull to give the "blood smell" and whip up courage. Only one had died. Another received a deep gash. He would be stuffed with sawdust to stanch the blood, sewed up and brought back for another bull to gash.

The bull fought on—charging here and there, stumbling now and then and all the while receiving more spikes. He was bleeding now at the mouth and nostrils and was ready for the matador's keen thrust.

There is little of the vaunted valor about the matador to me. He must merely time his leap to one side in the same fashion as the acrobat does who jumps from one trapeze to the other. Bull-fighting is largely acrobatics. When the

bull charges he does not make oblique turns. He goes as straight as the arrow.

Gaona knelt before his foaming and bleeding antagonist. The valiant bull was ten feet away, pawing for a charge and ready to die. Gaona turned to look at the audience—a feat that receives the heaviest accolade. At the charge he jumped up and made the sword thrust. The thrust must be made at an exact spot for a perfect kill. The blade must sink to the hilt. Gaona failed once, twice—four times in all.

Hisses and booes. Gaona's mantle of fame was slipping. He displayed no emotion but tried again and failed. The bull carried on. His shoulders now resembled a huge porcupine's back. Blood gushed from his mouth a distance of five feet. He slowly sank to the arena. Gaona rushed up to drive a spike in the brain.

The stricken bull made one final effort. He raised himself half-way to his haunches, gave a roaring bellow of defiance and fell over dead —a glorious picture in defeat. Doomed to die, with every hand against him, he fought to the last gasp. The mules came and dragged him away as the band played a tune of victory.

A brief intermission and another bull came dashing out. Six in all were killed that sunny afternoon. The blood lust was on. Gaona, Caliph of the ring, had failed. There were

ominous mutterings. Gaona came coolly to the arena rail to swig a copious draught of absinthe.

More torture, blood and the smell of burning flesh. Montes, the newcomer and freelance who had the nimbleness of a dancing teacher, tried the thrust and failed. Eight times his bull jumped the arena fence, once causing an attendant to make a clownish catapult into the arena amid gales of laughter.

Montes tries again. Fails. Then weeps. A picador urges his consumptive steed in front of the enraged bull. Another rip of the horns. Gored, the nag tried to gallop about the ring with entrails falling from a belly-long gash. Then he stumbled and died. Montes had lost a breeches leg—the only casualty to man of the afternoon.

Another bull. More torture and failure with the thrust until the fifth. Gaona was pitted against him. This was the finest beast of the lot. In his charges he swept along like a breeze —head down, tail up. Cape men ducked behind their shields—man-sized partitions against the arena fence behind which those in danger may hide.

Gaona awaited the charge. The sword sank to the hilt at the first try and the bull dropped like a shot. Then the delirium of frenzy. Gaona had redeemed himself and was again

the national idol. Montes was drowning his woe in absinthe at the rail.

Screaming men and women went suddenly wild. Men threw their hats, shoes, vests, coats, canes and watches into the arena. Women tossed their shawls, fans, jewels and millinery.

They wanted the matador's "touch." To have any article they possess touched by a winning matador is a mark of distinction. Gaona strutted about, picked up the articles and gallantly hurled them back.

From time to time as the torture progressed I turned to watch the audience. Eyes were fever-bright, cheeks flushed at this appalling glorification of bestiality. Little children struck their hands with joy. White-bearded old men shouted with glee.

Once as a bull charged at a defenseless, blindfolded horse I turned my head and clapped my hands to my eyes to shut off the view. *"El bravo gringo!"* shouted a group of jeering Mexicans.

I walked from the arena in the throes of a nervous chill, overwhelmed by deep shame at my own degradation in being an eye-witness. Two American women were being revived from fainting fits in an anteroom. I left El Toreo with a rousing respect for the bull. He was the best sport there.

Sancho, the Shepherd

HIS name is Sancho. I found him near the mud and straw hutch where I was living across the Rio Grande in Mexico. Sancho is a white-

bearded old sheep-herder whose wrinkled face resembles an ancient persimmon.

Night was bringing its mysterious hush to the land of cactus. A dying sun flooded the ranch country with shadowy arabesques. A half-mile away Sancho stood silhouetted against the prairie sky. He appeared as shy as the sheep surrounding him.

For seven months he had been roaming with his herd. For three months he had not talked to man. He did not know the month of the year or the day of the week.

He slept where darkness found him, his head pillowed on the little sack of frijole beans which chiefly comprised his food. His shirt hung in shreds and his trousers were an amazing tribute to the art of successive patching.

My world was as far removed from his as the distance between the poles. I was a product of top-speed civilization and he was a lonely shepherd.

A few nights before I had stood at Forty-second Street and Broadway in the modern Babylon. It was a scene of dithyrambic brilliancy—the travail of a city in the throes of a hectic night. Blood-red lips. Rummaging eyes. A million lights. Perfume, jewels and splendor.

More than 2,000 miles away I had come suddenly upon the complete antithesis.

I waved a friendly hand to Sancho. He lifted his tattered straw Mexican hat and started to move away. I shouted a halloo, mounted a pony and galloped out to greet him.

"A fine night," I ventured.

"Si, señor," he affirmed.

There was an awkward pause. His herd, nervous at a strange presence, grew restless and softly he quieted them. He accepted the offer of a cigaret, I dismounted and we sat on the ground.

"Americano, señor?" he inquired.

I nodded.

Sancho spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent. Far away a circling coyote gave a hideous howl. He called to his sheep and they came nearer. One baby lamb with an injured leg crept up and nestled in his lap.

Sancho told me something of his nomadic life. His father before him had been a sheep-herder. Somewhere near Vera Cruz lived a wife and two sons. Weeks had stretched into months with no word of them. I was fretting over a day-late mail.

There in the Mexican twilight the gentle old shepherd seemed the most contented man I ever saw. I thought of New Yorkers squeezing seconds out of minutes and minutes out of hours by day and tossing through sleepless nights, and I thought of Sancho sleeping peacefully under the star-studded sky.

He evidently sensed my reverie, for he interrupted with: "Señor, you believe in God?"

I told him I did.

"You pray often?"

I told him not as often as I should.

"It is very hard to find God in the cities," he said. He had been twice to Mexico City and once to Monterey. "Tell me of New York."

I told him of skyscrapers, of subways, of theaters, of Fifth Avenue, of the scramble for wealth and the lust for power. I told him of fortunes that crashed with the tick of the tape and of men and women dishonored between dawn and dusk. He was silent for a little while.

Then he said, "Cities are much like this." He rolled up his ragged trousers leg and revealed a swollen calf with two fiery red spots where a poisonous rattler had sunk its fangs.

"Aren't you afraid the wound will be fatal?" I asked with a shudder.

He poked at the dying embers with his shepherd's stick and there was a ghost of a smile —half enigmatical. "It is not nearly so fatal as your cities," he finally replied.

In this venerable sheep-herder—he was more than seventy—I had stumbled across one of the oddest characters I ever met in years of search-

ing for the unusual in humanity and human affairs.

He took no thought of the morrow. At sun-up he would be off with his sheep to fresh pastures. In a semi-arid country he never suffered for water and amid a woeful lack of vegetation he always had food.

"You have had sorrow?" I asked.

"Very little," he replied. "I am sad when I leave my sheep and turn them over for slaughter. Now and then I long for my loved ones. That is about all."

There was an ominous hiss in the sage and a plunge of the pony. Sancho spoke quickly to his sheep and darted out into the gloaming. There was a crushing grind of a sandaled heel in the rocky ground. He had killed a rattler.

"How can you sleep, knowing those things are around?" I asked when he returned.

"Señor," he replied, "I was stung by a rattler three moons back. It was not the first time and perhaps not the last. If I feared them, I would die. No poison is so deadly as fear. One night near Canutillo the wolves came. I was younger then and grew afraid. They killed my sheep. Had I been brave it would not have happened. Animals sense fear as we sense odor."

Darkness had come. I felt I had kept the old man up too long. I apologized and made ready to go.

"No, no," he said, and there was earnestness in his voice. "Do not go. I will heat some coffee to take off the chill. It has been a long, long time since I have talked. Stay awhile."

I wanted to hear him further and remained. Several times I had been amazed at his telepathic powers.

Once as he was talking I wondered if we of the cities and towns had clutched at happiness and missed and if this gentle, simple-minded old shepherd had not found it without the struggle.

I began to recall many friends. Most of them had all the creature comforts of a high-powered civilization but none who came to mind seemed to me as happy as Sancho appeared.

He was still talking as I mused but he suddenly exclaimed with a knowing smile, "You think of your friends." His divination was so sudden I was startled.

The coffee had boiled. He passed me some in his earthen cup and when I had finished drank himself. Cigarets were lighted.

"Señor," he began, "a great and good man in your America died a few months back. Another good man took his place."

I naturally thought of President Harding. "You have read the newspapers?" I inquired.

"No," he said simply, "I tell by the stars. The same as I tell time by the heavens. I have

no timepiece yet I know now it is ten minutes after eight.

My wrist watch showed eight minutes after eight.

"Your country is progressing. Soon my country will have more war and bloodshed."

As I write a few weeks later Mexico has another revolution.

"Very soon, too, I will be going." He bowed his head and crossed himself. "I shall see my family once—maybe twice—and then go on. I am an old man, señor. You are young. You pity me because of what seems to you a lonely life. Yet I know things that can never be learned in your great cities.

"I see a world in a chaos of tumbling faith. Nations have fallen, señor, and more will fall but they will arise anew. We have only need of faith.

"But, señor, I weary you with sermon. I have two boys who are now taking to their herds. As you know the world they will live in poverty, yet they will be far happier than you of the cities. You think of the sheep-herder as lonely, but believe me, señor, we who talk with God are never alone. And now I bid you a very good night."

I walked over to my pony.

In a far-flung byway I had heard the most impressive sermon to which I had ever listened.

A full moon now bathed the cactus country. A startled young deer leaped gracefully through the brush.

At the door of my jacal I turned and looked back. There in the prairie Sancho's tiny campfire burned—a beacon of the sublimest faith I ever beheld.

Folks Back Home

CASS COOPER was the son of Professor Irving Cooper of the High School. He never mingled with other boys. He used to build shacks out of tin cans down by the ice piers. He chewed tobacco. On Sunday evenings he would go to church with Mrs. Cooper and always fall asleep.

In the late summer evenings folks out riding used to see him on the Coopers' roan mare, driving the cows in from Shaw's pasture. That was about the only work he ever did, except a little hoeing in the garden now and then.

Professor Cooper was called to a better position at Bowling Green, and Cass Cooper loafed around town, living mostly with Baz Cunderliff down on the coal float.

People would see him rowing across the river and they said he had a cave over in Alum Rock where he would stay for three or four days at a time. Mrs. Cooper came back to see him once or twice, and they went to the opera house together, and Cass would have a new suit after she left.

Cass was never in any trouble. He never took a drink, and his only bad habit was chew-

ing tobacco. There were only about a half-dozen people in town to whom he would talk. Nobody ever saw him with a girl. Professor Cooper went up into Alaska with his wife, during the Klondike excitement. Some of the people back home heard he struck it rich. But Cass never said anything about it.

Cass died of a lingering disease and was buried by the county.

EDITOR SIM GILES

Editor Simeon Giles settled back home the year Henry Clay was seeking the Whig nomination for President. He bought The Leader for $300 and moved it from over the feed store to the northeast side of the public square.

Sim Giles was a stern man. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a long, drooping mustache and boiled shirts and white cuffs. He had an anchor stickpin that fastened in his shirt and was attached to a gold chain around his neck. Rain or shine he had old black Alexander come to his room up over the Leader office and polish his shoes every day in the week.

On Sunday mornings Sim Giles, General George House, Henry Cruezet, Captain Jack Sheppard and Banker Henshawk used to occupy the bench near the pump in the public square. One Sunday they were debating the

question "Is British Tyranny more tolerable than American slavery?" There were hot words, and someone saw Henry Cruezet rush over Court Street after Dr. Cromlish.

Sim Giles was stretched out on a bench with a long gash across his cheek and looking very white. People were going home from church. They carried him over into General House's Old Reliable Insurance Agency office across the street. The affair was hushed up, but Sim Giles never would print advertisements from Banker Henshawk or allow his name to be published in The Leader. He carried a deep scar to his grave.

Sim Giles made the great trip from Louisville to Pittsburgh on the fast steamboat, Belle of the West, and the article he wrote about it was reprinted by The New York Weekly Tribune. Sim Giles ran for county treasurer and was defeated. He sold The Leader to Colonel Sam Harper and left town, and no one back home heard of him after that.

UNDERTAKER ENOCH BOGGS

Undertaker Enoch Boggs was a very silent man. He had a wry neck and chewed fine-cut. At funerals he used to sit up on the hearse seat with black Charlie Robison, the driver, and nod all the way to Cemetery Hill.

Mrs. Boggs was a great hand to call on the sick. She was a Lewis and came from Purdy. They had one son, Archie Boggs, who was the town dude. He came back from Marietta College the first year with a spotted bulldog.

He had his hair parted in the middle, and wore a tiny little cap, with a long visor, far back on his head, and had peg top trousers. Dunk Devac told around town that, when Archie passed the hitching rack in front of Wye's harness shop, two horses broke away.

Undertaker Boggs had the finest horses in town. He had seven beautiful white mares and every year he got the first prize at the equine exhibit at the county fair. He also belonged to all the lodges and was a great man to march in parades.

He was a delegate to the Pythian convention in Denver, and made the round trip with Mrs. Boggs. He also went to Chicago during the World's Fair. He had an uncle who had been to Europe.

Every time Undertaker Boggs went away to lodge conventions there used to be stories circulated around town. Folks said he went on sprees and that Mrs. Boggs went along to take care of him. Miss Tish Young was in Cincinnati once and said she saw Undertaker Boggs staggering along the street. Nobody ever saw him take a drink back home, and he signed the pledge under Evangelist Sam Jones back in '82.

ORMSBY McTAVISH

Ormsby McTavish came from Scotland. He ran the Sample Store on Court Street back home. He had light sandy side-whiskers, but his mustache was stained a dark brown from nicotine.

His son, Treat McTavish, waited on the trade, while old Mr. McTavish spent all his time keeping books under a coal-oil lamp in the back of the store. Sometimes the lamp would be burning as late as ten o'clock.

Mr. McTavish sent out all his bills weekly and to those who came to his store and paid up, he gave a five-cent poke of gum drops. After closing the store, he would step into the Blue Goose with Conrad Schreck, the butcher, They would sit for hours over a glass of beer and a Scotch whisky, not saying a word—only smoking.

Mrs. McTavish was an Englishwoman, and people used to laugh behind her back at her strange accent. The day Heptonstall's lumberyard caught fire, Ab Atkins and a crowd of men were running past the McTavish home. Mrs. McTavish came to the gate and asked what the trouble was.

"Big fire," someone shouted.

"Fiah! Fiah! Wheah?" cried Mrs. McTavish. And those three words became by-

words around town. Mr. and Mrs. McTavish always went to the brick Presbyterian Church and he always walked behind her. Nobody knew why. Mr. McTavish was a very learned man. He predicted the coming of Halley's comet, and he knew all about old coins.

During the Cleveland administration McTavish failed in business, and became watchman at the flour mill. Every night Conrad Schreck would go down and sit with him, out in front, near the big scales.

"PEENEY" BROWN

"Peeney" Brown used to run the barber shop on Court Street. In front he had a jewelry shop. He won a Shetland pony for being the champion horseshoe thrower at Gallia County Fair. "Peeney" could play tunes on peach leaves and knew a lot of tricks with strings. He was the first man to introduce celluloid collars back home, and never discarded them.

He went in for novelties. Back in the room where old-timers played checkers he had the walls decorated with cigaret pictures—more than 1500. No one ever saw "Peeney's" wife except in the early morning, when she came out to scrub the front steps. She was a Hibbard and came from back in Beulaville.

"Peeney" had one stock story. It was about

the time he cut Senator Foraker's hair when the senator was running for governor, and he got a dollar for it, which was in a frame over the mirror, facing the chair.

It was "Peeney" who took the knife away from "Jud" Harkner the first night of the centennial celebration at the Court House Square. "Jud" was out to kill Orley Henshawk, ne'er-do-well son of Banker Henshawk.

"Peeney" was the King of Boyville. He died the other day from nursing a strange traveling man at the Merchant's Hotel who had the plague. The story of the interurban president's housewarming crowded the news of his death off the first page. "Peeney" got only three lines inside.

"CHUT" BASHAW

"Chut" Bashaw spent the most of his life around saloons. He was the son of Madam Sarah Bashaw, who lived in the green-shuttered house across the railroad tracks. Madam Bashaw never came to town except in a closed cab.

"Chut" was a professional gambler and wore a white vest and a white hat. He was mild-mannered except when he took to drink, which was once a year. Then everybody avoided him. When in his cups, the only person who could do anything with him was the Rev. Alva Gee, the Baptist preacher.

One night "Chut" got in a row over a seven-up game in Andy Archman's with a crowd of miners from Pomeroy Bend, who came down on a Saturday night spree. He wielded a poker over the heads of two and was standing the rest at bay. They sent Doc Parker's black boy, Dan Hogan, after the parson, and he came with his nightshirt tucked into his trousers.

The crowd fell back and the parson stuck his head through the swinging doors and called, "Chut!"

"Chut" looked up and walked meekly out and up to the post-office corner with the preacher, and neither said a word. When Evangelist Moody visited back home "Chut" was the first man in town to sign the pledge, and then he hired out on Squire Mauck's farm, up near Addison. When the Carlton mine caved in, "Chut" ran all the way from Gallipolis, five miles, after rescuers.

Back home they are waiting for "Chut" to break the pledge. "It can't last," they say.

"SUG" WALTERS

The Bijou Pool Room was upstairs over Link Neal's drug store back home. The cushions were dead and the cues warped. The charge was two and a half cents a cue.

Besides the two pool tables, there was a little glass case for chewing tobacco and ciga-

rets, a big oil lamp, two long benches, and a chair for Grandpa LeClerq, who always loafed there. On one wall was a poster of Al Field's minstrel troupe, and on another the escape of the hero in "Human Hearts."

The Roush brothers—Joe and Ed—owned the place. Joe Roush was the first man in town to whittle a steamboat and put it inside a glass bottle. Ed was more of a business man, but had spells.

"Sug" Walters was the champion pool shot of the town. He clerked at the Merchants' Hotel in the winter and was second mate on the packet, Neva, in the summer. He had a story about himself in The Cincinnati Enquirer during the '88 flood, when he dived under the coal float and brought up Colonel Bud Miller's body.

"Sug" was well liked by the older men from Lawyer's Row, who came over in the afternoon to watch him and Editor Sibley play bottle pool. Some of the politicians got him a job as superintendent of the Children's Home. It paid $480 a year and his board and privilege of farming. It looked for a while as if "Sug" was going to amount to something. But he kept coming to town and playing pool all day and he got put out of office.

He still hangs around the pool room. When strange drummers come up "Sug" always starts every conversation with "When I was superin-

tendent of the Children's Home." It is his only cherished memory.

ANDRÉ LECLERQ

André LeClerq came from France the year of the yellow fever epidemic. He settled back home in the Rance property overlooking the levee on Front Street. He was a great student and had the finest library in town. He always wore a shawl and a plug hat and had spells of gout. He never spoke to his son, Ollie LeClerq, after Ollie married the Marsh's hired girl.

André LeClerq's wife died before he came to America. For forty-five years he called regularly on Tuesday and Saturday on Miss Liza Rance. Miss Liza was a blue-blood, a branch of the Kentucky Rances. She lived in a fine old Colonial house on Court Street.

She wore a big cameo breastpin that had been in the Washington family, it was said, and a net over her hair. Miss Liza had a carriage, and in the summer evenings her black man, Hannibal, would drive her around the public square while the band played.

The only time André LeClerq and Liza Rance were ever seen together in public was at the dedication of Gallia Academy, when Governor Bushnell spoke. A good many people wondered why they were never married. Some

thought it was on account of Ollie LeClerq's marriage. Others said it was because Miss Liza was a year older.

During the blizzard of '86 when the Ohio froze over, André LeClerq was on his way to the Rance home on Christmas Day with a copy of Longfellow's "Poems." He fell in front of the tannery and broke his hip. He was carried into Miss Liza's home, where he died ten days later. Miss Liza never went to the funeral, nor was she ever seen except by old Hannibal and Dr. Cromlish, the family doctor, after that.

"It was a strange love affair," they say back home.

PEDRO JOE

Pedro Joe was sometimes called Whitewash Joe. He did all the odd calcimining jobs around town and put in the glass windows. Some said he was a Spaniard, and others said he came from Austria. He talked with an accent and was a steady drinker. He lived in the stable in the alley back of Schreck's meat shop and loafed about Kerr's drug store.

He used to be up every morning at 4:30 o'clock, and was the first customer at the Blue Goose. There had been stories that he killed a man once, but he seemed harmless and very fond of children. He used to cut baskets out of buckeyes for them, and he could make a noise like a sheep and imitate a saw-mill buzz-saw.

In the spring Pedro Joe used to go back of Reservoir Hill, on the lower river road, and gather herbs, and he hung them to dry outside his shack. There was talk that Dr. Cromlish got his famous recipe for Cromlish's great blood restorer from Pedro Joe. Pedro Joe always had a cough and people would see him on the street gasping for breath and sometimes spitting blood. They never thought he would last through the winter. But he lived to be eighty-eight and died with the smallpox at the county poorhouse.

Dr. Cromlish paid all his funeral expenses. Not a soul went to his funeral except the undertaker and the Rev. Alva Gee.

DUNK DEVAC

Sam Duncan Devac was the town drunkard. Every night, winter and summer, Aunt Mary Huntsinpiller sat at her parlor window and knitted. She would pat her foot as she knitted. She knew more about people than Eliza Whittleby, who worked at the post office.

Aunt Mary used to say that she could never remember a night that Dunk Devac did not go past her window, on his way home for supper, drunk. He lived in Strawberry Row, south of the spoke factory.

Dunk Devac was small and wiry and smiled, drunk or sober.

He could name all the Presidents in their order and quote Scripture. He had two fingers off his right hand. He lost them the year he went to work in the Mullineaux planing mill. He never worked after that.

His wife, Sallie Devac, clerked in Mose Straus's Bon Ton store. She was a dignified woman, one of the Yates sisters from Rio Grande, neat in dress and active in church work.

Nobody could understand why she kept on living with Dunk Devac.

Everybody felt so sorry for her the day she was walking home with the wife of the new Methodist preacher.

It was the week of the trotting meet and on the opposite side of the street some young men from the fair grounds were carrying Dunk Devac home on a shutter.

Another time Dunk Devac fell off the wharf boat while the crowd was waiting for the new Iron Queen from Louisville.

They had to roll him on a barrel on the levee before he came to. General George House, who ran the Old Reliable Insurance Agency, once offered Dunk Devac a pair of double-seated, corduroy trousers if he would stay sober on election day. Dunk wouldn't promise.

But he took his wife to see the Swiss Bell Ringers at Odd Fellows Hall and wore his cut-away coat.

Afterward they went to Mr. Jenny's ice-cream parlor and straight home.

"A good soul when he's himself," is what they say back home.

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